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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq*;  
VOL. II.

The Last EDITION Corrected:  
WITH  
Explanatory NOTES and ADDITIONS  
never before printed.

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VOL. II.

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Containing his  
EPISTLES and SATIRES.

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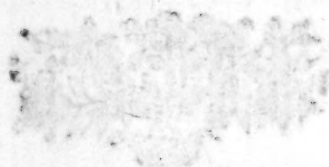
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WORKS

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LONDON: Printed by J. B. ...  
DUBLIN: Printed by J. B. ...  
in the Strand, near the Temple.

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THE  
AUTHOR  
TO THE  
READER.

ALL I had to say of my  
*Writings* is contained in my  
Preface to the first of these  
Volumes, printed for *J. Tonson* and *B.  
Lintot* in quarto and folio in the year  
1717: And all I have to say of *Myself*  
will be found in my last Epistle.

*The Author to the Reader.*

I have nothing to add, but that this Volume and the abovementioned contain whatsoever I have designed for the press: except my Translation of the *Iliad*, with my Preface and Notes of twelve Books of the *Odyssey* with the Postscript, (not the Notes) the Preface to *Shakespeare* and a few *Spectators* and *Guardians*. Whatever besides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, or Mr. *Gay*, (the only persons with whom I ever wrote in conjunction) are to be found in the four Volumes of *Miscellanies* by us published: I think them too inconsiderable to be separated and reprinted here; nevertheless, that none of my faults may be imputed to another, I must own, that of the Prose-part, the *Thoughts on various Subjects* at the end of the second volume, were wholly mine; and of the Verses, *The Happy Life*

*The Author to the Reader.*

*Life of a Country Parson, The Alley in imitation of Spenser, the Characters of Macer, Artimesia, and Phryne, the Verses to Mrs. M. B. on her birthday, and a few Epigrams\*.*

It is but justice to me to believe that nothing more is mine, notwithstanding all that has been publish'd in my name, or added to my Miscellanies since 1717, by any Bookseller whatsoever.

*A. POPE.*

Jan. 1, 1734.

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\* The Editors of this Edition have inserted those Pieces at the End of the First Volume of this Work.

The Anchor to the Reader.

Life of a Country Justice, The May in  
imitation of Spenser, the Characters of  
Moses, Miriam, and Aaron, the  
Notes to Mrs. M. R. on her birth-  
day, and a few Epigrams.

It is but justice to me to observe  
that nothing more is more, without  
standing all that has been published in  
my name, or added to my publications  
since 1777, and I should be wrong.

even.

A. P. O. S.

Jan. 1, 1784

The Editor of the Boston Post-Office

has the honor to inform you that

the following is the list of the

books which are now in the

possession of the Boston Post-Office

and which are now for sale

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at the Boston Post-Office

AN  
ESSAY on MAN  
Being the First Book of  
ETHIC EPISTLES,  
TO  
HENRY St. JOHN  
L. BOLINBROKE.

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Written in the Year 1732.

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ESSAY ON MAN

ETHIC EPISTLES

HENRY ST. JOHN

L. BOLIVAR BROWN

Printed in the Year 1872

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T H E  
D E S I G N.

**H**AVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to Men's business and bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the Abstract, his Nature and his State: since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its Being.

The Science of human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear points: There are not many certain Truths in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The Disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture

## THE DESIGN.

*to say, they have less sharpened the Wits than the Hearts of Men against each other, and have diminish'd the Practice, more than advance the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter my self that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect System of Ethics.*

*This I might have done in Prose; but I chose Verse, and even Rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that Principles, Maxims, or Precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in Prose itself; and nothing is truer than that much of the Force as well as Grace of Arguments or Instructions depends on their Conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more poetically, without sacrificing Perspicuity to Ornament, without wadding from the Precision, or breaking the Chain of Reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.*

*What is now published, is only to be considered as a general Map of MAN, marking out no more than the Greater Parts, their Extents, their Limits, and their Connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Consequently,*

## THE DESIGN.

quently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry, and more susceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the Fountains, and clearing the passage: To deduce the Rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects would be a task more agreeable.

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THE

THE DESIGN

It is the design of the present work to present a full and complete account of the history of the art of printing, from its origin to the present time. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which contains a history of the art, and the second a description of the various processes and materials used in the art.

THE HISTORY OF THE ART OF PRINTING

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justice

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EPISTLE

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# EPISTLE I.

**A** WAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things

To low ambition and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since Life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die)

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;

A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield,

The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore

Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar,

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise,

Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*,

But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

---

Of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect to the UNIVERSE. VER. 17, &c.] *He can reason only from Things known, and judge only with regard to his own System.*

## 2      E T H I C   E P I S T L E S.

SAY first, of God above, or Man below,  
 What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?  
 Cf Man, what see we but his Station here,  
 From which to reason, or to which refer;      20  
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.  
 He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one Universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs,      25  
 What other planets, and what other suns?  
 What vary'd being peoples every star?  
 May tell, why heav'n made all things as they are.  
 But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,  
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
 Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

PRESUMPTUOUS man! the reason wouldst thou find  
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?      36  
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess.  
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?  
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made  
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?      40

---

VER. 36. &c.] *He is therefore a judge of his own  
 perfection or imperfection, but is certainly such a Being  
 as is suited to his Place or Rank in the Creation.*

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

OF Systems possible, if 'tis confess  
That wisdom infinite must form the *best*,  
Where all must *fall* or not *coherent* be, 45  
And all that rises, rise in due *degree*;  
Then, in the scale of life and sense, 'tis plain  
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man;  
And all the question (wrangle e're so long)  
Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong*? 50

RESPECTING man whatever wrong we call,  
May, must be right, as relative of *all*.  
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,  
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;  
In God's, one single can *its end* produce, 55  
Yet serves to second too some other use.  
So man, who here seems principal alone,  
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole, 60

WHEN the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
Now wears a garland, an *Aegyptian* god;  
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65  
His action's, passion's, being's, use and end;  
Why doing, suffer'ing, check'd, impell'd; and why  
This hour a slave, the next a deity?

THEN

THEN say not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;  
 Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought; 70  
 His being measur'd to his state and place,  
 His time a moment, and a point his space.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescrib'd, their *present state*,  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know, 75  
 Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,  
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood. 80  
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God *of all*,  
 A Hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms, or Systems into ruin hurl'd 85  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world!

HOPE humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;  
 Wait the great teacher, Death and God adore!

---

[VER. 73.] *His happiness depends on his Ignorance to a certain degree.*

[VER. 75, &c.] See this pursued in Epist. 3. ver. 70, &c. 83, &c.

[VER. 87.] — *And on his Hope of a Relation to a future State.*

What

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now. 90  
*Hope* springs eternal in the human breast;  
 Man never *is*, but always *so* be blest;  
 The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,  
 Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd mind 95  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n, 100  
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,  
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,  
 'To *be*, contents his natural desire, 105  
 He asks no angel's wing, or seraph's fire,  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.  
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense  
 Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 110

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VER. 90. Further open'd in Epist. 2. ver. 165.  
 — Epist. 3. ver. 78. — Epist. 4. ver. 336, &c.

VER. 109.] *The Pride of aiming at more Knowledge and Perfection; and the Impiety of pretending to judge of the Dispensations of Providence; the causes of his Error and Misery.*

6 ETHIC EPISTLES.

Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much;  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust,  
 If man, alone, engross not heav'n's high care, 115  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there;  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Re-judge his justice, by the GOD of GOD!

IN-reas'ning *Pride* (my friend) our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies. 120  
*Pride* still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.  
 Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws 125  
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ASK for what end the heav'nly bodies shine?  
 Earth for whose use? *Pride* answers, "Tis for mine:  
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,  
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r; 130  
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew  
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;  
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
 " For me, Health gushes from a thousand springs;

---

VER. 127.] *The Absurdity of conceiting himself the Final Cause of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.*

" Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ;  
 " My footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies.

BUT errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
 Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep?  
 No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause

" Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral Laws* ;  
 " Th'exceptions few ; some change since all began,  
 " And what created, perfect ? " Why then *Man* ?

If the *great end* be *human* happiness, 145  
 Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less ?

As much that end a constant course requires  
 Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires,  
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise, 150  
 If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,  
 Why then a *Borgia* or a *Catiline* ?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs ;  
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things :  
 Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit ? 155  
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

BETTER for Us, perhaps, it might appear,  
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;  
 That never air or ocean felt the wind ;  
 That never passion discompos'd the mind : 160

§ ETHIC EPISTLES.

But ALL subsists by elemental strife ;  
And Passions are the Elements of life.  
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began  
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man ? now upward he will soar,  
And little less, than Angel, would be more ;  
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears  
To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.  
Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
Say what their Use, had he the pow'rs of all ? 170  
Nature to these, without profusion kind,  
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ;  
Each seeming want compensated of course  
Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force ;  
All in exact proportion to the state, 175  
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

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VER. 162.] See this subject extended in Epist. 2.  
from ver. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

VER. 166.] *The Unreasonableness of the Complaints  
against Providence, and that to possess more Faculties  
would make us miserable.*

VER. 174.] *Here, with degrees of swiftness, there of  
force.* It is a certain axiom in the Anatomy of creatures,  
that in proportion as they are form'd for strength, their  
swiftness is lessen'd ; or as they are form'd for swiftness,  
their strength is abated.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,  
 Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?  
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all? 180

THE bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)  
 not to act, or think, *beyond* mankind;  
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,  
 But what his nature and his state can bear.  
 Why has not man a microscopic eye? 185  
 For this plain reason, man is not a fly:  
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,  
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
 The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore? 190  
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,  
 Die of a Rose in aromatic pain?  
 If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,  
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
 How would he wish, that heav'n had left him still 195  
 The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?  
 Who finds not providence all-good and wise,  
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

FAR as Creation's ample rage extends,  
 The scale of *sensual, mental* pow'rs ascends: 200  
 Mark

VER. 177.] Vid. Epist. 3. ver. 83, &c. and 110, &c.

VER. 200.] *There is an universal ORDER and*  
 GRADATION thro' the whole visible World, of the  
 B 3 sensible

Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grafs!  
 What modes of fight, betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :  
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between, 205  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green :  
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,  
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood :  
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line : 210  
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.  
 How *Instinct* varies, in the groveling swine,  
 Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant ! with thine ;  
 'Twixt that and Reason, what a nice barrier, 215  
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near ;

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*sensible and mental Faculties, which causes the Subordination of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man, whose Reason alone countervails all the other Faculties.*

VER. 205. — *the headlong Lioness* — ] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the desarts of *Africa* is this; at their first going out in the night time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable, the story of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occasion'd by observing the defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

*Remembrance*

*Remembrance and Reflection* how ally'd;  
 What thin partitions *Sense* from *Thought* divide:  
 And *Middle natures*, how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line! 220  
 Without this just Gradation could they be  
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee?  
 The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all those pow'rs in one?

SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, 225  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high progressive life may go?  
 Around how wide? how deep extend below?  
 Vast chain of Being! which from God began,  
 Nature's æthereal, human, angel, man, 230  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,  
 From thee to Nothing! On superior pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:  
 Or in the full creation leave a Void, 235  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd;  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

AND if each System in gradation roll,  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole; 240

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VER. 225.] *How much farther this Gradation and Subordination may extend? were any part of which broken, the whole connected Creation must be destroy'd.*

The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns rush lawless thro' the sky,  
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd, 245  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,  
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And Nature tremble, to the throne of God!  
 All this dread ORDER break! — For whom? For thee!  
 Vile worm! — O Madness! Pride! Impiety! 250

WHAT if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?  
 What if the head, the eye, the ear repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?  
 Just as absurd, for any part to claim 255  
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains,  
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

ALL are but parts of the stupendous whole;  
 Whose body *Nature* is, and *God* the soul; 260  
 That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,  
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

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VER. 250.] *The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of such a desire.*

VER. 257.] *Vid.* the prosecution and application of this in Epist. 4. ver. 160.

Lives

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, 265  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent,  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns; 270  
 To him, no high, no low, no great, no small :  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

CEASE then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own *point* : This kind, this due degree 275  
 Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.  
 Submit — in this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour: 280  
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see :  
 All discord, harmony not understood :  
 All partial evil, universal good :  
 And spight of pride, in erring reason's spight, 285  
 One truth is clear; Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT.

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VER. 273.] *The Consequence of all, the absolute Submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future State.*

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## EPISTLE II.

**K** NOW then thy self, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is *Man*.  
Plac'd on this Isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;  
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5  
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,  
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest,  
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;  
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer,  
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10  
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
Whether he thinks too little or too much:  
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;  
Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd;  
Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:  
The Glory, jest, and riddle, of the world!

---

*Of the Nature and State of MAN as an INDIVIDUAL.  
The business of Man is not to pry into God, but to study  
himself. His Middle Nature, his Power, Frailties, and  
the Limits of his Capacity.*

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,  
 Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tydes, 20  
 Show by what laws the wand'ring Planets stray,  
 Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.  
 Go soar with *Plato* to th'empyrean sphere,  
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;  
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25  
 And quitting sense call *imitating God*,  
 As eastern priests in giddy circles run,  
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.  
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —  
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

SUPERIOR Beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,  
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape.  
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

COULD He, whose rules the whirling Comet bind, 35  
 Describe, or fix, one movement of the Mind?  
 Who saw the Stars here rise, and there descend,  
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?  
 Alas what wonder! Man's superior part  
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40  
 But when his *own* great work is thus begun,  
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Two Principles in human nature reign;  
*Self-love*, to urge, and *Reason*, to restrain;

Nor

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VER. 43.] *The Two Principles of Man, SELF-  
 B 6 LOVE*

16 ETHIC EPISTLES.

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 45  
Each works its end, to move, or govern all:  
And to their proper operation still  
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

SELF-LOVE, the spring of motion, acts the soul;  
*Reason's* comparing balance rules the whole. 50  
Man but for that, no *action* could attend,  
And but for this, were *active* to no end.  
Fix'd like a Plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;  
Or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 55  
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most Strength the moving Principle requires;  
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:  
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,  
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 60  
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;  
*Reason's* at distance, and in prospect lie;  
That sees immediate good, by present sense,  
*Reason*, the future, and the consequence;  
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 65  
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.  
The action of the stronger to suspend,  
*Reason* still use, to reason still attend:  
Attention, Habit and Experience gains,  
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 70

---

LOVE and REASON, both Necessary, 49. Self-love the stronger, and why? 57. their End the same, 71.

LET

LET subtle Schoolmen teach these friends to fight,  
 More studious to divide, than to unite.  
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split;  
 With all the rash dexterity of Wit.  
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a *name*, 75  
 Have full as oft', *no* meaning, or *the same*.  
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,  
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire:  
 But greedy that its object would devour,  
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower: 80  
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

MODES of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;  
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:  
 But since not every good we can *divide*, 85  
 And reason bids us for our own provide;  
 Passions tho' *selfish*, if the means be fair,  
 List under Reason, and deserve her care:  
 Those that imparted, court a nobler aim,  
 Exalt their kind, and take some *Virtue's* name. 90

IN lazy Apathy let Stoics boast  
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,  
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;  
 But strength of mind is *exercise*, not *rest*:  
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 95  
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

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VER. 83.] *The PASSIONS. and their Use.*

On

18 ETHIC EPISTLES

On Life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale:  
Nor God alone in the still calm we find;  
He mounts the storm, and *walks upon the wind.* 100

PASSIONS, like elements, tho' born to fight,  
Yet mix'd and soft'ned, in his work unite:  
These, 'tis enough to *temper and employ*;  
But what composes man can man *destroy*?  
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road. 105  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,  
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind: 110  
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife  
Gives all the *strength and colour* of our life.

PLEASURES are ever in our hands or eyes,  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise;  
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all *alike*;  
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent objects strike;  
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,  
As strong, or weak, the organs of the frame; 120  
And hence one Master Passion in the breast,  
Like *Aaron's* serpent, swallows up the rest.

As

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VER. 122, &c.] *The PREDOMINANT PASSION, and  
its Force.* The

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
 Receives the lurking principle of death;  
 The young disease that must subdue at length, 125  
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:  
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,  
 The mind's disease, its *ruling passion* came:  
 Each vital humour which should feed the *whole*,  
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul; 130  
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,  
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

NATURE its mother, *Habit* is its nurse; 135  
 Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;  
*Reason* itself but gives it edge and pow'r,  
 As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sowre;  
 We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,  
 In this weak *Queen*, some *Fav'rite* still obey. 140  
 Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,  
 What can she more, than tell us we are fools?  
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,  
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!  
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 145  
 The choice we make, or justify it made:  
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,  
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong;

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The Use of this Doctrine, as apply'd to the Knowledge of mankind, is one of the subjects of the second book.

So,

So, when small humours gather to a gout,  
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 150

YES, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;  
Reason is here no *guide*, but still a *guard*;  
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,  
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:  
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 155  
And sev'ral men impells to sev'ral Ends.  
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,  
This drives them constant to a certain coast.  
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,  
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of Ease: 160  
'Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence:  
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,  
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,  
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

TH' ETERNAL ART, educing good from ill, 165  
Grafts on this Passion our best principle;  
'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,  
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,  
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,  
And in one int'rest Body acts with Mind. 170

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VER. 155.] *Its Necessity, in directing men to different purposes.* The particular application of this to the several Pursuits of Men, and the General Good resulting thence, falls also into the succeeding books.

VER. 165.] *Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue.*

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,  
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,  
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,  
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.  
 What crops of-wit and honesty appear, 175  
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!  
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;  
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy:  
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,  
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind: 180  
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,  
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:  
 Nor virtue, male, or female, can we name,  
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 185  
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;  
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,  
 And Nero reigns a *Titus*, if he will:  
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in *Catiline*,  
 In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine. 190  
 The same ambition can destroy or save,  
 And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

THIS light and darkness in our chaos join'd;  
 What shall *divide*? The *God* within the Mind.

VER. 185, &c.] VIRTUE and VICE join'd in  
 our Mixt Nature; the Limits near, yet the things se-  
 parate, and evident. The Office of Reason.

EXTREMES in nature equal ends produce, 195  
 In man, they join to some mysterious use:  
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,  
 As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,  
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice  
 Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 200

FOOLS! who from hence into the notion fall,  
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.  
 If white and black, blend, soften, and unite  
 A thousand ways, is there no black and white?  
 Ask your *own heart*; and nothing is so plain; 205  
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
 Yet seen too *oft*, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 210  
 But where th' *Extreme* of vice was ne'er agreed:  
 Ask, where's the *North*? at York 'tis on the Tweed,  
 In Scotland at the Orcades, and there  
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.  
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 215  
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.  
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,  
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;  
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,  
 The hard Inhabitant contends is right. 220

---

VER. 207.] *Vice odious in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it.*

VIRTUOUS and vicious ev'ry man must be,  
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;  
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,  
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.  
 'Tis but by *parts* we follow good or ill, 225  
 For, vice or virtue, SELF directs it still;  
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal:  
 But Heav'n's great view is *one*, and that the *Whole*:  
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;  
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice: 230  
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,  
*Shame* to the virgin, to the matron *pride*,  
*Fear* to the statesman, *raſhneſs* to the chief,  
 To Kings *preſumption*, and to crowds *belief*.  
 That, Virtue's ends from *Vanity* can raiſe, 235  
 Which ſeeks no in'treſt, no reward but praiſe;  
 And build on *wants*, and on *deſects* of mind,  
 The *joy*, the *peace*, the *glory* of mankind.

HEAV'N, forming each on other to depend,  
 A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend, 240  
 Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,  
 Till one's man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.

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VER. 221, &c.] *The ENDS of PROVIDENCE and General Good answered in our Paſſions and Imperfections. How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all Orders of men.*

VER. 239.] *How uſeful theſe are to Society in general, and to Individuals in particular, in ev'ry State, 250. and ev'ry Age of Life, 260.*

Wants,

Wants, fraikties, passions, closer still ally  
 The common int'rest, or endear the tye :  
 To *these* we owe true friendship, love sincere, 245  
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :  
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;  
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 250

WHATE'ER the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself :  
 The learn'd is happy, nature to explore ;  
 The fool is happy, that he knows no more ;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n ; 255  
 The poor contented with the care of heav'n.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king.  
 The starving Chymist in his golden views  
 Supremely blest, the Poet in his muse. 260

See! some strange Comfort ev'ry state attend,  
 And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common friend ;  
 See! some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,  
*Hope* travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

TILL then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays 265  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;  
 Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,  
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride :  
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy :  
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ; 270

One prospect lost, another still we gain;

And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;

Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,  
The scale to measure others wants by thine.

See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,

275

'Tis this, tho' *Man's a fool*, yet *GOD* is WISE.

V. 273. See farther of the Use of this *Principle* in  
Map, Epist. 3. ver. 121, 124, 135, 145, 200, &c.  
270, &c. 316, &c. And Epist. 4. ver. 348, and 358.

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## EPISTLE III.

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**H**ERE then we rest; "The Universal cause  
"Acts to *one end*, but acts by *various laws*."  
In all the madness of superfluous health,  
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
Let this great truth be present night and day;  
But most be present, if we preach, or pray,

Look round our world: behold the chain of love  
Combining all below, and all above.  
See, plastic Nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend  
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,  
~~Form'd and impell'd, its neighbour to embrace.~~  
See matter next, with various life endu'd,  
Press to one center still, the *gen'ral good*.  
See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving vegetate again:  
All forms that perish other forms supply,  
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;

---

*Of the Nature and State of MAN with respect to*  
**SOCIETY.** *The whole Universe one System of Society.*

Like

# ETHIC EPISTLES. 27

Like bubbles on the Sea of matter born,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20  
 Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole:  
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;  
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast:  
 All serv'd, all serving! nothing stands alone; 25  
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

HAS God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn?  
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?  
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strows the plain?  
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate the grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer. 40  
 The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

KNOW, Nature's children all divide her care:  
 The Fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.

---

V. 27. *Nothing is made wholly for Itself, nor yet wholly for another, but the Happiness of all animals mutual.*

While

While man exclaims, "see all things for my use! : 45  
 "See man for mine," replies a pamper'd goose;  
 What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?  
 All this he knows, but not that 'tis too eat him.  
 And just as short of reason, Man will fall,  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

GRANT, that the pow'rful still the weak controul,  
 Be Man the wit, and tyrant, of the whole:  
 Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows : 55  
 And helps, another's creature's wants and woes.  
 Say will the falcon, stooping from above,  
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?  
 Admires the jay th'insect's gilded wings,  
 Or hears the hawk, when *Philomela* sings? 60  
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,  
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;  
 For some, his int'rest prompts him to provide,  
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:  
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy : 65  
 Th'extensive blessing of his luxury.  
 That very life his learned hunger craves,  
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;  
 Nay feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
 And, till he ends the Being, makes it blest, 70  
 Which fees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
 Than favour'd Man, by touch ætherial slain.

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VER. 72.] Several of the Ancients, and many of  
 the Orientals since, esteem'd those who were struck by  
 Lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites  
 of Heaven.

The

The creature had his feast of life before;  
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er.

To teach unthinking being Heav'n a friend, 75  
Gives not the useless knowledge of its End;  
To Man imparts it; but with such a view  
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:  
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,  
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80  
Great standing Miracle! that heav'n assign'd  
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

WHETHER with Reason, or with Instinct blest,  
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits 'em best,  
To bliss, alike, by that direction tend, 85  
And find the means proportion'd to their end.  
Say, where full Instinct is th'unerring guide,  
What Pope or Council can they need beside?  
Reason, however able, cool at best,  
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest, 90  
Stays till we call, and then not often near;  
But honest Instinct comes a Volunteer.  
This too serves always, reason never long;  
One must go right, the other may go wrong  
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95  
One in their nature, which are two in ours,  
And reason raise o'er instinct, as you can,  
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

---

VER. 83.] Reason or Instinct alike operate to the good  
of each Individual, and they operate also to Society, in  
all Animals.

WHO taught the nations of the field and wood  
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100  
 Præscient, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?  
 Who made the spider parallels design,  
 Sure as *Demoivre*, without rule or line?  
 Who bid the stork, *Columbus* like, explore 105  
 Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown before?  
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

GOD, in the nature of each being, founds  
 Its *proper Bliss*, and sets its *proper Bounds*: 110  
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bless  
 On mutual *Wants* built mutual Happiness:  
 So from the first eternal ORDER ran,  
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.  
 Whate'er of life all-quickenning æther keeps, 115  
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,  
 Or pours profuse on earth; one nature feeds  
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.  
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,  
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120  
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,  
 Each Sex desires alike, till two are one:  
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;  
 They love themselves, a third time, in their Race.

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VER. 115.] *How far SOCIETY carry'd by IN-*  
 STINCT.

Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125  
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;  
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,  
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;  
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace, 130  
 Another love succeeds, another race.  
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;  
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:  
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,  
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love: 135  
 With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,  
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;  
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,  
 That graft benevolence on charities.  
 Still as one brood, and as another rose, 140  
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those;  
 The last scarce ripen'd into perfect man,  
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:  
 Mem'ry and Forecast, just returns engage,  
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age; 145  
 While Pleasure, Gratitude, and hope combin'd  
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

NOR think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;  
 The State of Nature was the Reign of GOD:

---

VER. 132.] *How much farther SOCIETY is carry'd  
 by REASON.*

VER. 148.] *Of the STATE of NATURE: That it  
 was SOCIAL.*

Self-Love, and Social, at her birth began, 150  
 Union the Bond of all things, and of Man.  
*Pride* then was not; nor Arts, that pride to aid;  
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;  
 The same his table, and the same his bed;  
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed. 155  
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,  
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:  
 The shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,  
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest:  
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal care, 160  
 And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.  
 Ah how unlike the man of times to come!  
 Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;  
 Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,  
 Murders their species, and betrays his own. 165  
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,  
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;  
 The Fury-Passions from that blood began,  
 And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, Man.

SEE him from nature rising, slow to art! 170  
 To copy instinct then was reason's part;  
 Thus then, to man the voice of Nature spake——  
 "Go! from the creatures thy instructions take;  
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;  
 "Learn from the beasts, the physic of the field: 175

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VER. 170.] Reason instructed by Instinct in the In-  
 vention of ARTS, and in the FORMS of Society.

"Thy

- " Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;  
 " Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;  
 " Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,  
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.  
 " Here too all Forms of social Union find, 180  
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind :  
 " Here subterranean works and cities see,  
 " There towns aerial on the waving tree.  
 " Learn each small people's Genius, Policies ;  
 " The ants Republic, and the Realm of bees ; 185  
 " How those in common all their stores bestow,  
 " And Anarchy without confusion know,  
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,  
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.  
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve their state, 190  
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.  
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,  
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,  
 " And right too rigid harden into wrong ;  
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.  
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 196  
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,  
 " And for those arts meer Instinct could afford,  
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

---

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halicut. Lib. I. describes this  
 Fish in the following manner. *They swim on the surface  
 of the Sea, on the back of their Shells, which exactly re-  
 semble the bulk of a Ship ; they raise two feet like Masts  
 and extend a Membrane between, which serves as a Sail ;  
 the other two feet they employ as Oars at the side. They  
 are usually seen in the Mediterranean.*

GREAT *Nature* spoke; observant Men obey'd; 200  
 Cities were built, Societies were made:  
 Here rose one little State; another near  
 Grew by like means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.  
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,  
 And there the streams in purer rills descend? 205  
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,  
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.  
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,  
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.  
 Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,  
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 211  
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts, or arms,  
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)  
 The same which in a Sire the sons obey'd,  
 A Prince the father of a people made. 215

TILL then, by nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,  
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing State:  
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,  
 Their Law his eye; their Oracle, his tongue:  
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food, 220  
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,  
 Draw forth the monsters of th' Abyss profound,  
 Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.

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VER. 200.] *Origine of POLITICAL SOCIETIES.*

VER. 211.] *Origine of MONARCHY.*

VER. 216.] ———— of PATRIARCHAL GOVERNMENT.

Till drooping, sickning, dying, they began  
 Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man. 225  
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd  
 One great, First father, and that First ador'd,  
 Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,  
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from fire to son,  
 The Worker from the work distinct was known, 230  
 And simple reason never sought but *one* :  
 E're Wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
 Man, like his Maker, saw, that all was right,  
 To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,  
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God. 235  
 Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then ;  
 For Nature knew no right Divine in Men,  
 No Ill could fear in God ; and understood  
 A sovereign Being but a sovereign Good.  
 True Faith, true Policy, united ran, 240  
 That was but Love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,  
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ?  
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,  
 T'invert the world, and counterwork its Cause ? 245  
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ;  
 Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,

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VER. 236 ] *Origine of TRUE RELIGION and GOVERNMENT, from the Principle of LOVE ; and of SUPERSTITION and TYRANNY, from that of FEAR.*

Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
 And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of subjects made :  
 She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound, 250  
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,  
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray  
 'To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :  
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,  
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ; 255  
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;  
 Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods :  
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,  
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust,  
 Such as the souls of Cowards might conceive, 260  
 And form'd *like* Tyrants, tyrants would believe.  
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,  
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride.  
 Then sacred seem'd th' æthereal vault no more ;  
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore : 265  
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food,  
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,  
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,  
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives SELF-LOVE, thro' just and thro' unjust, 270  
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust :  
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause  
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.

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VER. 270.] *The Influence of SELF-LOVE operating  
 to the SOCIAL and Public Good.*

For

For what one likes, if others like as well,  
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel? 275  
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake  
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?  
 His Safety must his Liberty restrain;  
 All join to guard what each desires to gain,  
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence, 280  
 Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:  
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,  
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,  
 Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kind, 285  
 Poet or Patriot, rose, but to restore  
 The Faith and Moral *Nature* gave before;  
 Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;  
 If not God's image; yet his shadow drew:  
 Taught pow'rs due use to People and to Kings, 290  
 Taught, nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,  
 The less and greater set so justly true,  
 That touching one must strike the other too,  
 Till jarring Int'rests of themselves create  
 Th' according Music of a well mix'd State. 295  
 Such is the WORLD's great harmony, that springs  
 From Union, Order, full Consent of things;

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VER. 284 ] *Restoration of True Religion and Government on their first Principle. Mixt Governments; with the various Forms of each, and the TRUE USE OF ALL.*

Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made  
 To serve, not suffer, strenghten, not invade,  
 More pow'rful each, as needful to the rest, 300  
 And in proportion as it blesses, blest,  
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest,  
 Whate'er is best administred, is best: 305  
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,  
 His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:  
 All must be false, that thwart this one, great End,  
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310

MAN, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,  
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.  
 On their own Axis as the Planets run,  
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;  
 So two consistent motions aft the soul, 315  
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,  
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

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## EPISTLE IV.

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**O** HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !  
Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name,  
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,  
For which we bear to live, and dare to die ;  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5  
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.  
Plant of Cæstrial seed ! if dropt below,  
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?  
Fair-opening to some Court's propitious shine,  
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine, 10  
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reap'd in Iron harvests of the Field ?  
Where grows——where grows it not ? ——If vain our toil,  
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil :  
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15  
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,  
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,  
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20  
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these :

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*Of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect to*  
HAPPINESS.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?  
 One grants his pleasure is but rest from pain;  
 One doubts of all; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

TAKE *Nature's* path, and mad *Opinion's* leave,  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;  
 Obvious her Goods, in no extreme they dwell,  
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is *common Sense*, and *common Ease*.

REMEMBER, Man, " the Universal cause  
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;  
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all,  
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.  
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,  
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd;  
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:  
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,  
 All pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;

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VER. 27.] HAPPINESS *the END of all Men, and attainable by all.*

VER. 32.] GOD *governs by general not particular Laws; intends Happiness to be equal, and to be so, it must be social, since all perfect Happiness depends on general.*

Each

Each has his share, and who would more obtain 45  
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's great Law ; and this confess, O  
Some are and must be, mightier than the rest,  
More rich, more wise : but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense. 50  
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,  
If all are equal in their Happiness :  
But mutual wants this happiness increase,  
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.  
Condition, Circumstance is not the thing : 55  
Bliss is the same, in Subject, or in King,  
In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend :  
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole  
One common blessing, as one common soul. 60  
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,  
And each were equal, must not all contest ?  
If then to all men happiness was meant,  
God in Externals could not place content.

FORTUNE her gifts may variously dispose, 65  
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;  
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,  
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear :

VER. 47.] *It is necessary for ORDER and the common Peace, that External Goods be unequal, therefore Happiness is not constituted in these.*

VER. 65.] *The balance of human happiness kept equal (notwithstanding Externals) by HOPE and FEAR.*

Not

Not present Good or Ill, the joy or curse,  
But future views, of better, or of worse. 70

OH Sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise  
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the Skies ?  
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

KNOW, all the Good that individuals find, 75  
Or God and nature meant to meer mankind,  
Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of Sense,  
Lie in three Words; Health, Peace, and Competence.  
But Health consists with temperance alone,  
And Peace, O *Virtue* ! Peace is all thy own ; 80  
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain ;  
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.  
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
Who risque the most, that take wrong means or right ?  
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85  
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?  
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,  
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains ;  
And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
One they must want, which is, to pass for good. 90

OH blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below ?  
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe :

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VER. 75.] *In what the Happiness of Individuals consists, and that the GOOD MAN has the Advantage, even in this world.*

VER. 91.] *That no man is unhappy thro' VIRTUE.*

Who

Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,  
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.  
 But fools the Good alone unhappy call,  
 For ills or accidents that chance to All.  
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just !  
 See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust !  
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife !  
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of life ?  
 Say was it Virtue, more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,  
 Lamented DIGBY ! sunk thee to the grave !  
 Tell me, if Virtue made the *Son* expire,  
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the *Sire* ?  
 Why drew *Marseille's* good bishop purer breath,  
 When nature sicken'd and each gale was death ?  
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)  
 Lent heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor, and me ?

WHAT makes all Physical or Moral ill ?  
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.  
 God sends not Ill ; if rightly understood,  
 Or partial Ill is universal good,  
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,  
 Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all,  
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,  
 That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,  
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,  
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.  
 Think we like some weak Prince th' Eternal Cause,  
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his laws ?

SHALL burning *Etna*, if a sage requires,  
 Forget to thunder, and recal her fires !

On

On Air or Sea new motions be impress,  
 O blameless *Bethel* to relieve thy breast?  
 When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation cease if you go by?  
 Or some old temple nodding to its fall,  
 For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall?

BUT still this world (so fitted for the knave)  
 Contents us not: A better shall we have.  
 A kingdom of the just then let it be:  
 But first consider how those just agree  
 The good must merit God's peculiar care;  
 But who but God can tell us who they are?  
 One thinks on *Calvin* heav'n's own spirit fell,  
 Another deems him Instrument of hell;  
 If *Calvin* feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,  
 This cries there is, and that, "there is no God."

What shocks one part will edify the rest,  
 Not with one System can they all be blest.  
 The very best will variously incline,  
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.  
 "Whatever is, is RIGHT." This world, 'tis true,  
 Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too:  
 And which more blest? who chain'd his Country, say,  
 Or he, whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

"BUT sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed."  
 What then? is the reward of virtue, bread?  
 That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toils:  
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,  
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,  
 Where Folly fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.

The

The good man may be weak, be indolent;  
 Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.  
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? 155  
 "No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?  
 Add health, and pow'r, and every earthly thing:  
 "Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?  
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n,  
 Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n? 160  
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
 God gives enough while he has more to give:  
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;  
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, 165  
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,  
 Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?  
 Then give Humility a Coach and six,  
 Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a Gown,  
 Or publick Spirit its great cure, a Crown: 170  
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring  
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.  
 How oft by these at sixty are undone  
 The virtues of a Saint at twenty one!

FOR Riches, can they give, but to the Just, 175  
 His own contentment, or another's trust?

---

VER. 167.] *That External Goods are not the proper Rewards of Virtue, often inconsistent with, or destructive of it: but that all these can make no man happy without Virtue. Instanted in each of them.*

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,  
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.  
 O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy mind,  
 The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind, 180  
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear;  
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!

HONOUR and shame from no Condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 185  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.  
 The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,  
 The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.  
 'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?'  
 I'll tell you, friend: a Wise man and a Fool. 190  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
 Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;  
 The rest, is all but Leather or Prunella.

Struck o'er with Titles, and hung round with strings  
 That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of kings.  
 Thy boasted Blood, a thousand years or so, 195  
 May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow;  
 But by your Fathers worth if yours you rate,  
 Count me those only who were good and great. 200  
 Go! if your antient but ignoble blood  
 Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,

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2. HONOURS,      3. TITLES,      4. BIRTH.

Go! and pretend your Family is young;  
 Not own your fathers have been fools so long.  
 What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards? 205  
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness, say where Greatness lies?  
 "Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wise?  
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,  
 From *Macedonia's* Madman to the *Swede*; 210  
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find  
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind;  
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.  
 No less alike the Politick and wise, 215  
 All fly, slow things, with circumspective eyes;  
 Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,  
 Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.  
 But grant that those can conquer these can cheat,  
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great: 220  
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
 Or failing, smiles in Exile or in chains,  
 Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed. 225  
 Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

WHAT'S Fame? that fancy'd Life in others breath,  
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
 Just what you *hear*, you have, and what's unknown  
 The same (my Lord) if *Tully's*, or your own. 230

All that we feel of it begins and ends  
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;  
 To all beside, as much an empty Shade  
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead,  
 Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine, 238  
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.  
 A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod ;  
 An honest man's the noblest work of God :  
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
 As justice tears his body from the grave ; 240  
 When what t'oblivion better were resign'd  
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.  
 All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,  
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.  
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 245  
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzza's ;  
 And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,  
 Than *Cæsar* with a Senate at his heels.

IN Parts superior what advantage lies !  
 Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise ; 250  
 'Tis but to know, how little can be known ;  
 To see all others faults, and feel our own ;  
 Condemn'd in Business or in Arts to drudge  
 Without a Second, or without a Judge :  
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ? 255  
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.  
 Painful Preheminence ! your self to view.  
 Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

BRING then these blessings to a strict account,  
 Make fair deductions, see to what they mount? 260  
 How much of other each is sure to cost?  
 How each for other oft is wholly lost?  
 How inconsistent greater goods with these?  
 How sometimes Life is risk'd, and always Ease?  
 Think, and if still the Things thy envy call, 265  
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?  
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,  
 Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.  
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?  
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* wife. 270  
 If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* thin'd,  
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.  
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,  
 See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting fame! 275  
 If all, united, thy ambition call,  
 From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.  
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,  
 See the false scale of Happiness compleat!  
 In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay, 280  
 (How happy!) those to ruin, these betray.  
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,  
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud *Venice* roses  
 In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran,  
 And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man.  
 Now *Europe's* laurels on their brows behold, 285  
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold  
 Then see them broke with Toils, or sunk in Ease,  
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.  
 Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame  
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame? 290

What

What greater bliss attends their close of life?  
 Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,  
 The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade  
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous Shade.  
 Alas ! not dazled with their noontide ray,  
 Compute the morn and evening to the day :  
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,  
 A tale ! that blends their Glory with their Shame.

KNOW then this truth (enough for man to know)  
 " VIRTUE alone is Happiness below :  
 The only point where human bliss stands still,  
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;  
 Where only, merit constant pay receives,  
 Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives ;  
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,  
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :  
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,  
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :  
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears. (1)  
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,  
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;  
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,  
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;  
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

---

VER. 300.] *That VIRTUE only constitutes a Happiness, whose Object is Universal, and whose Prospect is Eternal.*

SEE ! the sole bliss Heav'n could on *All* bestow,  
 Which who but feels, can taste, but thinks, can know :  
 Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,  
 The Bad must miss, the Good-untaught will find, 320  
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
 But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God,  
 Pursues that chain which links th'immenſe deſign,  
 Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine ;  
 Sees, that no being any bliſs can know 325  
 But touches ſome above, and ſome below ;  
 Learns, from this Union of the riſing Whole,  
 The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul ;  
 And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals all began,  
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN. 330

For him alone, *Hope* leads from goal to goal,  
 And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul ;  
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,  
 It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.  
 He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone 335  
 Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown ?  
 (Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind  
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)  
 Wiſe is the Preſent : ſhe connects in this  
 His greateſt *Virtue* with his greateſt *Blis*, 340  
 At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,  
 And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

---

VER. 318, &c.] *That the Perfection of Happineſs,  
 conſiſts in a Conformity to the Order of Providence here,  
 and a Reſignation to it, here and hereafter.*

*Self-Love*

*Self-Love* thus push'd to social, to divine,  
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's blessing thine:  
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?  
 Extend it, let thy Enemies have part: 345  
 Grasp the whole worlds, of reason, life, and sense,  
 In one close system of Benevolence.  
 Happier, as kinder! in whate'er degree,  
 And height of *Bliss* but height of CHARITY. 350

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul  
 Must rise from individual to the whole.  
*Self-love* but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,  
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 355  
 Another still, and still another spreads,  
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,  
 His country next, and next all human-race;  
 Wide, and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind  
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 360  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,  
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,  
 Oh master of the Poet, and the Song!  
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 365  
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious Ends,  
 Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,  
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;  
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer  
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 370  
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.

O! while along the stream of Time, thy name  
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,  
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 375  
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?  
 When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in dust repose,  
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?  
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art  
 From sounds to things, from Fancy to the Heart; 380  
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;  
 Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT;  
 That REASON, PASSION, answer ONE great AIM;  
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;  
 That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below; 285  
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*End of the First Book.*

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ETHIC EPISTLES.

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## EPISTLE

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# EPISTLE I.

T O

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

Lord Viscount Cobham.

YES, you despise the Man to Books confin'd,  
Who from his Study rails at human kind;  
'Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance  
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.  
The coxcomb Bird, so talkative and grave,  
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,  
'Tho' many a Passenger he rightly call,  
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

AND yet the fate of all Extremes is such,  
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.

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VER. 1. &c. Of the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS  
of MEN. That it is not sufficient for this Knowledge to  
consider Man in the *Abstract*.

VER. 10. Not to be learn'd either by Books or our  
own Observation singly, but by both,

To observations which ourselves we make,  
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;  
 'To written Wisdom, as another's, less:  
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess.

THERE's some *Peculiar* in each Leaf and Grain; 15  
 Some unmark'd Fibre, or some varying Vein:  
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?  
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind, as Moss.

THAT each from other differs, first confess;  
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20  
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,  
 And all Opinion's Colours cast on Life.

YET more; the difference is as great between  
 The Optics seeing, as the objects seen.  
 All Manners take a tincture from our own, 25  
 Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown,  
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,  
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes:

Our Depths who fathoms, or our Shallows finds?  
 Quick Whirls, and shifting Eddies, of our minds? 30

V. 15. General Maxims notional, a Peculiarity in ev'ry Man.

V. 19. The difficulties of discovering and fixing this Peculiarity.

V. 29. The Uncertainty of the Principles of Action in Men.

V. 18. *There are above 300 Sorts of Moss observed by Naturalists.*

Life's

Life's Stream for Observation will not stay,  
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way :  
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,  
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.  
 On human Actions reason tho' you can, 35  
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man ;  
 His Principle of Action once explore,  
 That instant, 'tis his Principle no more ;  
 Like following Life thro' Creatures you dissect,  
 You lose it, in the moment you detect. 40

OFt, in the Passions wild rotation tost,  
 Our Spring of Action to ourselves is lost :  
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,  
 And what comes then is master of the field.  
 As the last Image of that troubled heap, 45  
 When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,  
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought)  
 Becomes the stuff of which our Dream is wrought ;  
 Something as dim to our internal view,  
 Is thus perhaps the cause of all we do. 50

IN vain the grave, with retrospective eye  
 Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*.

V. 41. Our own Principle of Action, often unknown  
 to ourselves.

V. 51, &c. to 70. No judging of the *Motives* from  
 the *Actions*, the same Actions proceeding from contrary  
 Motives, and contrary Actions from the same Motives.  
 Infer

Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show  
 That what we *chanc'd*, was what we *meant* to do.  
 Behold! if Fortune, or a Mistress frowns,  
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:  
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,  
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:  
 The same adust Complexion has impell'd  
*Charles* to the Convent, *Philip* to the Field.

Not always *Actions* shew the Man: we find;  
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;  
 Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast;  
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East.  
 Not therefore humble he who seeks Retreat;  
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the Great.  
 Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;  
 He dreads a Death-bed like the meanest slave.  
 Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise;  
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

But grant that *Actions* best discover Man;  
 Take the most *strong*, and *sort* them as you can:  
 The *few* that glare, each Character must mark,  
 You balance not the *many* in the dark.  
 What will you do with such as disagree?  
 Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?

---

V. 60. CHARLES V. PHILIP II.

V. 71. To form *Characters*, we can only take the  
 strongest and most shining *Actions* of a man's Life, and  
 try to make them consistent. The Uncertainty of this.  
 Must

Must then at once (the Character to save)  
 A plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?  
 Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,  
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd. 86

Ask why from *Britain*, *Cæsar* made retreat?  
*Cæsar* perhaps had told you, he was beat.  
 The mighty *Czar* what mov'd to wed a Punk?  
 The mighty *Czar* might answer, he was drunk.  
 But sage Historians! 'tis your task to prove 88  
 One action Conduct, one Heroic love.

'Tis from *high Life* high Characters are drawn;  
 A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn;  
 A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;  
 A Gownman learn'd; a Bishop, what you will: 96  
 Wife, If a Minister; but if a King,  
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.  
 Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,  
 Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.  
 In Life's low vale, (the soil the Virtues like) 98  
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.  
 Tho' the same Sun with all diffusive rays  
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,  
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,  
 And always set the Gem above the Flow'r: 100

---

V. 87, Characters given meerly according to the  
 Rank of men in the world.

T is

'Tis *Education* forms the vulgar mind;  
 Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd;  
 Boastful and rough, your first Son is a Squire;  
 The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a Liar:  
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave; 105  
 Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:  
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;  
 A Quaker? fly; a Presbyterian? four;  
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

TRUE, some are open and to all Men known; 110  
 Others so very close, they're hid from none;  
 (So Darkness fills the eye no less than Light)  
 Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight:  
 And ev'ry Child hates *Slylack*, tho' his Soul  
 Still sits at squab, and peeps not from its hole. 115

A T half Mankind when gen'rous *Manly* raves,  
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them Knaves.  
 When universal homage *Umbra* pays,  
 All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.  
 Who but detests th' Endearments of *Courtine*? 120  
 While *One* there is, who charms us with his *Spleen*.

BUT these plain Characters we rarely find,  
 Tho' strong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind.  
 Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,  
 Or Affectations quite reverse the Soul. 125

V. 101. *Education* alters the Character of most men.

V. 110. Of plain Characters.

V. 122. Of the Causes confounding Characters.

The

The dull, flat Falsehood serves for Policy,  
 And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a Lye.  
 Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wife,  
 The Fool lies hid in Inconsistencies.

SEE the same Man, in vigour, in the gout; 130  
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;  
 Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;  
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;  
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;  
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall. 135

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,  
 Thinks who endures a Knave, is next a knave;  
 Save just at Dinner——then prefers no doubt,  
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.

WHO would not praise *Patritia's* high desert? 140  
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,  
 His comprehensive head; all Int'rests weigh'd,  
 All *Europe* sav'd, yet *Britain* not betray'd.  
 He thanks you not; his pride was in Piquette,  
*Newmarket*-fame, and judgment at a Bett. 145

TRIUMPHANT Leaders, at an Army's head,  
 Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer cloth or bread,

V. 130. Of the Inconsistency of a Man with himself.

V. 136. Unimaginable Weaknesses in the best or greatest Men.

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As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,  
Now save a People, and now save a groat.

WHAT made (say *Montagne*, or more sage *Charron*?)  
*Otho* a Warrior, *Cromwell* a Buffoon? 151  
A perjur'd Prince a *leaden Saint* revere?  
A god-less Regent tremble at a *Star*?  
The Throne a *Bigot* keep, a *Genius* quit;  
Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit? 153  
*Europe*, a Woman, Child, or *Dotard* rule;  
And just her ablest Monarch made a fool?

KNOW, GOD and NATURE only are the same:  
In Man; the judgment shoots at flying game;  
A Bird of passage! lost, as soon as found; 160  
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground!

As *Komens Opinions*: *Scoto* now shall tell  
How trade increases, and the world goes well;

V. 152. *A perjur'd Prince*, &c. *Lewis XI. of France*  
V. 155, &c. *Victor Amadeo II. King of Sardinia*  
*who resign'd his Crown to his Son, and afterwards being*  
*inclin'd to resume it; was Imprisoned till he died.*

V. 158. Nothing constant and certain, but GOD  
and NATURE.

V. 162. &c. No judgment to be made of Men by  
their Opinions, Manners, Humours, Principles, Con-  
stitution, Actions, Affections, Passions——only by the  
RULING PASSION.

Strit

Strike off his Pension by the setting sun,  
And *Britain*, if not *Europe*, is undone, 165

*Manners* with *Fortunes*, *Humours* change with *Climes*,  
*Tenets* with *Books*, and *Principles* with *Times*.

JUDGE we by *Nature*? *Habit* can efface,  
Int'rest o'ercome, or *Policy* take Place:  
By *Actions*? those *Uncertainty* divides: 170  
By *Passions*? these *Dissimulation* hides:  
*Affections*? they still take a wider range:  
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?

'T is in the *ruling Passion*: there alone,  
The wild are constant, and the cunning known, 175  
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;  
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.  
This Clue once found, unravels all the rest;  
The Prospect clears, and *Clodio* stands confest.  
*Clodio*, the Scorn and Wonder of our days, 180  
Whose ruling passion was the *Lust of Praise*;  
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,  
Women and Fools must like him, or he dies.  
'Tho' wond'ring *Senates* hung on all he spoke,  
The Club must hail him Master of the *Joke*. 185  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?  
He'll shine a *Tully*, and a *Wilmot* too:

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V. 175. This, if to be found, reconciles the seeming, or  
real Inconsistencies of Men's Actions. An Example, in  
a Character of the strongest Contradictions.

Then

Then turns repentant, and his God adores  
 With the same Spirit that he drinks and whores:  
 Enough, if all around him but admire, 196  
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.  
 Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,  
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;  
 Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,  
 And most contemptible to shun Contempt: 195  
 His Passion still to covet gen'ral praise,  
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;  
 A constant Bounty, which no friend has made;  
 An Angel Tongue which no man can persuade;  
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind, 200  
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd;  
 A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;  
 A Rebel to the very King he loves;  
 He dies, sad out-cast of each Church and State!  
 And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great! 205  
 Ask you why *Clodio* broke thro' every rule?  
 'Twas all for fear, the Knaves should call him Fool.

¶ *Nature* well known, no Miracles remain,  
 Comets are regular, and *Clodio* plain.  
 Yet in the search, the wisest may mistake, 210  
 If *second* Qualities for *first* they take.  
 When *Catiline* by rapine swell'd his store,  
 When *Cæsar* made a noble Dame a whore.

---

V. 210. A caution against the mistake of *second*  
*Qualities* for *first*, which will destroy all possibility  
 of the Knowledge of Mankind.

In this the Lust, in that the Avarice  
 Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice. 219  
 That very *Cæsar*, born in *Scipio's* days,  
 Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise:  
*Lucullus*, when Frugality could charm,  
 Had roasted Turnips in the *Sabin* farm.  
 In vain th' Observer eyes the Builder's toil, 220  
 But quite mistakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.

IN this one Passion Man can strength enjoy,  
 As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.  
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
 Yet tames not this: it sticks to our last sand. 225  
 Consistent in our follies, and our sins,  
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

BEHOLD a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of Grace  
 Has made the father of a nameless race;  
 Crawl thro' the street, shov'd on, or rudely press'd 230  
 By his own sons, that pass him by un-blest'd!  
 Still to his Wench he creeps on knocking knees,  
 And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he sees.

A Salmon's belly, *Helluo*, was thy fate:  
 The Doctor call'd declares all help too late. 235  
 Mercy! cries *Helluo*, mercy on my soul!  
 Is there no hope? alas? ——— then bring the Jowl.

V. 222. &c. Examples of the strength, and certain  
 continuance of the *Ruling Passion* till Death.

“ODIOUS!

"ODIOUS! in *Woollen!* 'twou'd a Saint provoke,  
(Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke)

"No, let a charming *Chintz*, and *Brussels* lace 240

"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—

"And, *Betty!* give this cheek a little Red. 245

OLD Politicians chew on Wisdom past,

And blunder on in Bus'ness to the last; 245

As weak as earnest; and as gravely out,

As sober *Lanesb'row*, dancing in the Gout.

THE Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd

An humble Servant to all Human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir."

"I give and I devise (old *Euclio* said,

And sigh'd) "my Lands and Tenements to Ned."

Your Money, Sir? "My Money, sir! what all?

"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it *Paul*." 255

V. 247. An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his Legs were disabled by the Gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an Audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her Health, and dispell her Grief by Dancing.

The rest of these Instances are strictly true, tho' the Persons are not named.

The Mannor, Sir? "The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,  
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

AND you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,  
Shall feel your *ruling Passion* strong in death:  
Such in those moments, as in all the past, 260  
"Oh save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.

TO A LADY.

## EPISTLE II.

## To a LADY.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,  
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."  
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,  
 All how unlike each other, all how true !  
*Arcadia's* Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,  
 Is there *Paffora* by a Fountain-side :  
 Here *Fannia*, leering on her own good man,  
 Is there, a naked *Leda* with a Swan.  
 Let then the Fair-one beautifully cry,  
 In *Magdalen's* loose hair and lifted eye,

---

OF the CHARACTERS of WOMEN, [a Corollary to the former Epistle] treating of this Sex only as contradicting and distinguished from the other.

V. 1. &c. That their particular Characters are not so strongly mark'd as those of Men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves.

Or drest in smiles of sweet *Cecilia* shine,  
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine ;  
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,  
 If Folly grows romantic, I must paint it ? 15

COME then, the Colours and the ground prepare !  
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,  
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it  
 Catch, e're she change, the *Cynthia* of this minute. 20

*Rufa*, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the *Park*,  
 Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,  
 Agrees as ill with *Rufa* studying *Locke*,  
 As *Sappho*'s diamonds with her dirty smock ;  
 Or *Sappho*, at her Toilet's greazy task,  
 And issuing flagrant to an evening Mask,  
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,  
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the setting-sun. 25

How soft is *Silia* ! fearful to offend,  
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend : 30  
 To her, *Calista* prov'd her Conduct nice,  
 And good *Simplicius*, asks of her Advice.  
 Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,  
 But spare your censure ; *Silia* does not drink.

Instances of this Position, given even from such *Cba* :  
*riters* as are most strongly mark'd, and seemingly there-  
 fore most consistent. As first, Contrarieties in the *Affect*-  
 ed. Ver. 21.

II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natur'd*. Ver. 29, and

All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35  
 All eyes may see——a Pimple on her nose.

*Papillia*, wedded to her am'rous Spark,  
 Sighs for the shades——“ How charming is a *Park* !  
 A *Park* is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees  
 All bath'd in tears——“ Oh odious, odious *Trees* ! 40

LADIES like variegated Tulips shew,  
 'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe ;  
 Such happy spots the nice admirer take,  
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak.  
 'Twas thus *Calypso* once our hearts alarm'd,  
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd ;  
 Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,  
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise :  
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,  
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;  
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,  
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

*Narcissa's* nature, tolerably mild,  
 To make a wash would hardly stew a child,  
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,  
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare,  
 Gave alms at *Easter* in a christian trim,  
 And made a Widow happy for a whim.  
 Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,  
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born ?

III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*  
 Ver. 45.

IV. In the *Whimsical*. Ver. 53.

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?  
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame !  
 Now deep in *Taylor* and the Book of *Martyrs*,  
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and *Chartres*.  
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns ; 65  
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns ;  
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,  
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

*Flavia's* a Wit, has too much sense to pray,  
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way ; 70  
 Nor asks of *God* but of her *Stars* to give  
 The mighty blessing, " while we live, to live."  
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul !  
*Lucretia's* dagger, *Rosamonda's* bowl.  
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ? 75  
 A Spark too sickle, or a Spouse too kind.  
 Wise Fool ! with Pleasures too refin'd to please,  
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease,  
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught,  
 With too much Thinking to have common Thought : 80  
 Who purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,  
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

TURN then from Wits ; and look on *Simo's* Mate,  
 No As so meek, no As so obstinate :  
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends 85  
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends :

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V. Contrarieties in the *Wity* and *Refin'd*. V. 66.

VI. — in the *stupid* and *simple*. V. 81.

Or

Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,  
 For ever in a Passion or a Pray'r :  
 Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)  
 Cries, oh how charming if there's no such place!      90  
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears  
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratifie and Tears,  
 The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,  
 To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.  
 Woman and Fool are *two* hard things to hit,      95  
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

PICTURES like these, (dear Madam) to design,  
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;  
 Some wandring touches, some reflected light,  
 Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right :      100  
 For how should equal colours do the knack,  
 Cameleons who can paint in white and black ?

\* IN publick Stations Men sometimes are shown,  
 A Woman's seen in Private life alone :  
 Our bolder Talents in full view display'd,      105  
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.

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*\* Between this and the former lines, and also in some following parts, a want of Connection may be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain Examples and Illustrations of the Maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the Author has said in his Imitation of Horace,*

Publish the present age, but where the text  
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next.

Bred to disguise, in publick 'tis your hide ;  
 Where none distinguish 'twixt your *Shame* or *Pride*,  
*Weakness* or *Delicacy* ; all so nice,  
 Each is a sort of *Virtue* and of *Vice*;

110

IN Men, we various ruling Passions find,  
 In Women, two almost divide the Kind ;  
 Those only fix'd they first or last obey,  
 The Love of Pleasures, and the Love of Sway.

THAT, *Nature* gives ; and where the *Lesson* taught  
 Is still to please, can Pleasure seem a fault ?  
*Experience*, this ? by Man's Oppression curst,  
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

MEN, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,  
 But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake :  
 Men, some to Quiet, some to publick Strife,  
 But every Lady would be Queen for life.

120

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens !  
 Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.  
 In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,  
 As leaves them scarce a Subject in their Age :

125

---

V. 111. The former part having shewn that the particular Characters of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observ'd, that the General Characteristic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Passion is more uniform.

V. 115. This is occasioned partly by their Nature, partly their Education, and in some degree by Necessity.

V. 123. What are the Aims and the Fate of this Sex ?  
 I. — as to Power. E 3 For

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;  
 No thought of Peace or Happiness at home.  
 But Wisdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,  
 As hard a science to the Fair as Great ! 139  
 Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
 Yet hate Repose, and dread to be alone.  
 Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,  
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

*Pleasures* the Sex, as Children birds, pursue, 135  
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view,  
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,  
 To covet flying, and regret when lost :  
 At last, to Follies Youth could scarce defend  
 It grows their Age's prudence to pretend : 140  
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,  
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :  
 As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, less for joy than spight,  
 So these their merry, miserable Night ;  
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide, 145  
 And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

SEE how the World its Veterans rewards !  
 A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
 Young without Lovers, old without a Friend, 150  
 A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,  
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead forgot !

AH Friend ! to *dazzle* let the Vain design,  
 To raise the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine !

---

II.—As to *Pleasure*. V. 135.

E 4

Tha

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring 155  
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.  
 So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,  
 All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,  
 Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,  
 And unobferv'd the glaring Orb declines. 160

Oh! blest with *Temper*, whose unclouded ray  
 Can make to morrow chearful as to day;  
 She, who can own a Sister's charms, or hear  
 Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;  
 That never answers till a Husband cools, 165  
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;  
 Lets Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;  
 Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille; 170  
 Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,  
 And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,  
 Woman's at best a Contradiction still.  
 Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can 175  
 Its last, best work, but forms a *softer Man*;  
 Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,  
 Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest,  
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,  
 Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools. 180

V. 153. Advice for their true Interest.

V. 175. The Picture of an esteemable Woman, with  
 the best kind of Contrarieties.

Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,  
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride,  
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;  
 Shakes all together, and produces — You.

Ev'n such is Woman's Fame: With this un-blest, 185  
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.  
 This *Phæbus* promis'd, (I forget the Year,)  
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;  
 Ascendant *Phæbus* watch'd that hour with care,  
 Averted half your Parents simple Pray'r, 190  
 And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*  
 That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself :  
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,  
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,  
 Kept Dross for Dutcheffes, the world shall know it, 195  
 To you gaye Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

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EPISTLE

## EPISTLE III.

To the Rt. Honourable.

ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,  
 And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?  
 You hold the Word from *Jove* to *Momus* giv'n,  
 That Man was made the standing Jest of heav'n,  
 And *Gold* but sent to keep the fools in play, 55  
 For half to heap, and half to throw away.

BUT I, who think more highly of our Kind,  
 (And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)  
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,  
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 105  
 But when, by Man's audacious labour won,  
 Flam'd forth this Rival to its fire the Sun,  
 Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,  
 To squander some, and some to hide agen.

OF THE USE OF RICHES. *That the true use of Riches is known to few, most falling into one of the Extremes, Avarice or Profusion. V. 1, &c.*

E 5

Like =

LIKE Doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15  
We find our Tenets just the same at last.

Both fairly owning, Riches in effect

No Grace of heav'n, or token of th' Elect;

Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,

To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

20

What

---

V. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dutcheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a Conveyance with Sir John Blunt to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward, but he set up prior Conveyances of his real Estate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds: These Conveyances being also set aside by a Bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his Effects till the last day, which was that of his Examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give Poison to Dogs and Cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *Worth* of this Gentleman, at the several *Æra's* of his life; at his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his Commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*, but has been since so far diminished in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worse Man by fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all manner of Vices. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was

E 6

drumm'd

drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming Tables. he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating Premium, interest, and capital into a new Capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His House was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the last time not without Imprisonment in Newgate, and large Confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot

The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,

Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and

INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,

PERSISTED,

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,

In the Practice of EVERY HUMANE VICE;

Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:

His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;

His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating Pravity  
of his *Manners*, than successful in

*Accumulating WEALTH,*

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,

Without

Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,  
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,  
 He acquired, or more properly Created,  
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,  
 Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,  
 Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when possess'd of  
 TEN THOUSAND a Year,  
 And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,  
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could not do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!

Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!

PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,

To give to After-Ages a conspicuous

PROOF and EXAMPLE,

Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH  
 in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on  
 The most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds*  
*a year Estate in Land, and about one hundred thousand*  
*in Money.*

Mr. WATERS, the third of these Worthies, was a  
 man no way resembling the former in his military, but  
 extremely so in his civil Capacity; his great fortune  
 having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the  
 Necessities of others. But this Gentleman's History must  
 be deferred till his death, when his *Worth* may be known  
 more certainly.

WHAT Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows:

But how unequal it bestows, observe,

'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve.

What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25

Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust;

And if we count among the needs of life,

Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?

Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires: 30

Trade it may help, Society extend;

But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:

It raises Armies in a Nation's aid,

But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.

OH! that such bulky *Bribes* as all might see 35

Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,

If secret Gold saps on from knave to knave.

Could *France* or *Rome* divert our brave designs,

With all their brandies, or with all their wines? 40

What could they more than Knights and Squires confound

Or water all the *Quorum* ten miles round?

A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil,

" Sir, *Spain* has sent a thousand jars of oyl?

" Huge bales of *British* cloth blockade the door; 45

" A hundred *Oxen* at your Levee roar.

---

V. 21. What Nature wants, &c.] *The Point discuss'd, whether the Invention of Money has been more commodious, or more pernicious to mankind?*

Poor

POOR Avarice one torment more would find,  
 Nor could Profusion squander all, in kind.  
 Astride his cheefe Sir *Morgan* might we meet,  
 And *Worldly* crying Coals from street to street,  
 (Whom with a Wig so wild, and mein so maz'd,  
 Pity mistakes for some poor Tradesman craz'd.)  
 Had *Colepeper*'s whole wealth been Hops and hogs,  
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?  
 His Grace will game: to *White*'s a Bull be led,  
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head;  
 To *White*'s be carry'd, as to ancient Games,  
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.  
 Shall then *Uxorio*, if the stakes he sweep,  
 Bear home six whores, and make his Lady weep;  
 Or soft *Adonis*, so perfum'd and fine,  
 Drive to St. *James*'s a whole herd of Swine?

---

V. 50. Some Misers of great Wealth, Proprietors of the Coal-mines, had enter'd at this time into an Association to keep up Coals to an extravagant price, whereby the Poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was worth ten thousand another seven thousand a year.

V. 53. *Colepeper*.] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bar a Person of an ancient Family and ample Fortune without one other quality of a Gentleman, who after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, pass'd the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the Army which was offer'd him.

Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,  
To spoil the Nation's last great Trade, *Quadrille!*

ONCE, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 65  
From the crack'd bagg, and dropping Guinea spoke,  
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,  
"Old *Cato* is as great a Rogue as you."  
Blest *Paper-credit*! that advanc'd so high.  
Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 70  
Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,  
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry *Kings*;  
A single Leaf can waft an *Army* o'er,  
Or ship off *Senates* to some distant shore;

V. 65. — *beneath the Patriot's Cloak.*] This is a true Story which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

V. 72. — *fetch or carry Kings.*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world. and great Changes of Kings projected in Europe. The Partition-Treaty had dispos'd of *Spain*; *France* had set up a King for *England*, who was sent to *Scotland*, and back again; King *Stanislaus* was sent to *Poland*, and back again; the Duke of *Anjou* was sent to *Spain* and *Don Carlos* to *Italy*.

V. 74. *Or ship off Senates to some distant shore.*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to *Siberia*, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of *PARIS*, banished to *Pontoise* in the year 1710.

## ETHIC EPISTLES.

A Leaf like *Sybil's*, scatters to and fro  
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;  
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,  
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

79

WELL then, since with the World we stand or fall,  
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

80

WHAT Riches give us, let us first enquire;  
Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and fire  
Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?  
Alas! 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.  
Alas! 'tis more than (all his Visions past)  
Unhappy *Wharton*, waking, found at last!

81

V. 75. *A Leaf like Sybils.*—Virg. *Æn.* 6.

V. 81. *What Riches give us, &c.*] That Riches, ei-  
ther to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Ne-  
cessaries, much less Happiness.

V. 84. *Turner.*] One, who being possessed of three  
hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach because  
Interest was reduced from 5 to 4 per cent. and then put  
seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for bet-  
ter interest: which Sum having lost, he took it so much  
to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is  
thought he would not have out liv'd it, but that he was  
Heir to another considerable Estate which he daily ex-  
pected, and that by this course of life he sav'd both Clothes  
and all other expences.

V. 86. *Unhappy Wharton.*] A Nobleman of great  
Qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them,  
as if they had been Vices and Follies. See his Cha-  
racter in the first Epistle of the second book.

What

What can they give? to dying *Hopkins* Heirs?  
 To *Chartres* Vigour, *Japhet*, Nose and ears?  
 Can they, in gems bid pallid *Hippia* glow,  
 In *Fulvia*'s buckle ease the throbs below,  
 Or heal, old *Narfes*, thy obscener ail,  
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?  
 They might, (were *Harpax* not too wise to spend)  
 Give *Harpax* self the blessing of a Friend;  
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life  
 Of wretched *Shylock*, spite of *Shylock's* Wife:

V. 87. *Hopkins*.] A Citizen whose Rapacity obtain'd  
 him the name of *Vultur Hopkins*. He lived worthless,  
 but died worth three hundred thousand pounds: which  
 he would give no person living, but left it so as not to be  
 inherited till after the second Generation. His Coun-  
 sel representing to him how many years it must be, be-  
 fore this could take effect, and that his Money could on-  
 ly lie at Interest all that time, he exprest great Joy  
 thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in  
 spending, as he had been in getting it." But the  
 Chancery afterwards set aside the Will, and gave it to  
 the Heir at law.

V. 88. *Japhet, Nose and Ears*.] JAPHET CROOK,  
 alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of  
 those parts, for having forged a Conveyance of an Estate  
 to himself, upon which he took up several thousand  
 pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for  
 having fraudently obtain'd a Will, by which he possess'd  
 another considerable Estate, in wrong of the Brother of  
 the deceas'd. By these means he was worth a great Sum  
 which (in reward for the small loss of his Ears) he en-  
 joy'd in Prison till his death, and quietly left to his Exe-  
 cutor,

But

But thousands die, without or this or that,  
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:  
 To some indeed heav'n grants the happier fate  
 To enrich a Bastard, or a son they hate.

PERHAPS you think the Poor might have their part  
*Bond* damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:  
 The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a rule,  
 That "every man in want is knave or fool:  
 "God cannot love (says *Blunt*, with lifted eyes)  
 "The wretch he starves"——and piously denies:  
 But rev'rend S\*\*n with a softer air,  
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

V. 98. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Dutchess of R. in her last Will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats,

V. 102. *Bond damns the Poor*——  
*But Reverend S\*\*n with a softer air*  
*Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care*

In the year 1730, a Corporation was established to lend money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Gra. Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a Parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the House, were expelled. That "God hates the Poor, and That every man in want is Knave or Fool, &c." were the genuine prothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

YET, to be just to these poor men of pelf,  
 Each does but hate his Neighbour as himself: 110  
 Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides  
 The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.  
 Who suffer thus, meer Charity should own  
 Must act on Motives pow'rful tho' unknown:  
 Some War, some Plague, some Famine they foresee,  
 Some Revelation, hid from you and me. 116  
 Why *Sbylock* wants a meal, the cause is found,  
 He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.  
 What made *Directors* cheat in South-sea year?  
 To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear. 120  
 Ask you why *Pbryne* the whole Auction buys?  
*Pbryne* foresees a *General Excise*.  
 Why she and *Sapbo* rise that monstrous sum?  
 Alas! they fear a Man will cost a plum.

Wise *Peter* sees the World's respect for Gold, 225  
 And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:  
 Glo-

V. 110. *Each does but hate, &c.*] That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose Conjectures about the Motives of avaricious Men.

V. 120. *To live on Ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds.

V. 122. ——— *A General Excise.*] Many People about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have some Intimation.

V. 125. *Wife Peter.*] PETER WALTER, a Person not only eminent in the Wisdom of his Profession, as a dextrous

Glorious Ambition! *Peter*, swell thy store,  
And be what *Rome's* great *Didius* was before.

THE Crown of *Poland*, venal twice an age,  
To just three millions stinted modest *Gage*.  
But nobler scenes *Maria's* dreams unfold,  
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.  
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,  
And one fate buries in th' *Asturian* Mines.

---

dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a safe, Conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Ostentation: His Wealth was never seen, and his Bounty never heard of; except to his own son, for whom he procur'd an Employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

V. 128. *Rome's* great *Didius*.] A Roman Lawyer so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of *Pertinax*.

V. 129. *The Crown of Poland*, &c.] The two Persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the Mississippi despis'd to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*: The Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of *Poland*, the Lady on a Vision of the like Royal nature. They since retired into *Spain* where they are still in search of Gold in the Mines of the *Asturies*.

Much injur'd *Blunt!* why bears he *Britain's* hate?  
A Wizard told him in these words our fate. 236

"At length *Corruption*, like a gen'ral flood,  
" (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)  
" Shall deluge all; and *Avarice* creeping on,  
" Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun. 140  
" Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,  
" Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box,  
" The Judge shall job, the Bishop bite the town,  
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.  
" See *Britain* sunk in *Lucre's* sordid charms, 145  
" And *France* reveng'd of ANNE'S and EDWARD'S Arms!"  
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'nér! fir'd thy brain,  
Nor Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain;  
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see  
Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree, 150

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V. 135. *Much injur'd Blunt.*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a Scrivener, was one of the first Projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the said Directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and profess'd to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the *Corruption* and *Luxury* of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the Misery of *Party-Spirit*. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in *Great and Noble Persons*, of which he had indeed liv'd to see many miserable Examples. He died in the year 1732.

And

And nobly wishing *Party-rage* to cease,  
To buy both *sides*, and give thy Country peace.

ALL this is madness, cries a sober Sage:  
But who my friend, has reason in his Rage?  
“ The ruling Passion, be it what it will,  
“ The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.  
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,  
Than ev’n that passion, if it has no Aim;  
For tho’ such motives folly you may call,  
The folly’s greater to have none at all.

HEAR then the truth: “ ’Tis Heav’n each Passion send  
“ And diff’rent men directs to diff’rent ends.  
“ Extremes in Nature equal good produce,  
“ Extremes in Man concur to general use.  
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?  
That Pow’r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,  
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,  
Thro’ reconcil’d extremes of drought and rain,  
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,  
And gives th’ eternal wheels to know their rounds.

RICHES, like Insects, when conceal’d they lie,  
Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly.

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V. 161, &c. *That the Conduct of Men with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of PROVIDENCE, which works the General Good out of Extremes and brings all to its Great End by perpetual Revolutions.*

See Book I. Epist. 2. V. 155, &c. 197.

Who sees pale *Mammon* pine amidst his store,  
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;  
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare, 175  
The next, a Fountain spouting thro' his Heir,  
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst, )  
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

OLD *Cotta* sham'd his Fortune and his Birth,  
Yet was not *Cotta* void of wit or worth: 180  
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)  
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his Grot?  
His court with nettles, moat with cresses stor'd,  
With soups unbought, and sallads, blest his board.  
If *Cotta* liv'd on pulse, it was no more 185  
Than *Bramins*, *Saints*, and *Sages* did before;  
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,  
And who would take the poor from Providence?  
Like some lone *Chartreuse* stands the good old hall,  
Silence without, and fasts within the wall; 190  
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
No noontide-bell invites the country round;  
Tenants with sights the smoakless tow'r's survey,  
And turn th' unwilling Steed another way:  
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er, 195  
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;

---

V. 180. &c. *How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable.*

V. 184. *With soups unbought*] — *dapibus menfas onerabat inemptis.* VIRG.

While

While the great mastiff, growling at the gate,  
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,  
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right; 209  
For what to shun will no great knowledge need,  
But what to follow, is a task indeed.  
Whole slaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,  
Fill the capacious Squire and deep divine.  
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205  
His Oxen perish in his Country's cause:  
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,  
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.  
The woods recede around the naked seat,  
The Sylvans groan——no matter——for the Fleet. 210  
Next goes his wool, to cloath our valiant bands,  
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.  
To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,  
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.  
And shall not *Britain* now reward his toils, 215  
*Britain*, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?  
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,  
His thankless country leaves him to her Laws.

THE Sense to value riches, with the Art  
T'enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220  
Not meanly, nor ambitiously persu'd,  
Not sunk by sloath, nor rais'd by servitude.

---

V. 199. *How a Prodigal does the same.*

V. 216. The *due Medium* and *true use* of Riches.

To

To balance Fortune by a just expence,  
 Join with OEconomy, Magnificence,  
 With splendor, Charity, with plenty Health; 225  
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!  
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move  
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,  
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n? 230  
 Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,  
 Mends fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.  
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,  
 As Poison heals, in just proportion us'd:  
 In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235  
 But well dispers'd, is Incense to the Skies.

Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?  
 The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.  
 Is there a Lord who knows a chearful noon  
 Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon? 240  
 Whose Table, Wit, or modest Merit share,  
 Un-elbow'd by a *Gamester*, *Pimp*, or *Play'r*?  
 Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,  
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?  
 Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune gild the scene, 245  
 And Angels guard him in the Golden Mean!

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V. 243. OXFORD's *better part*.] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

There *English Bounty*, yet a while may stand,  
And *Honour* linger, e're it leaves the land.

BUT all our praises why should Lords engross?  
Rise honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross: 250  
Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes thro' her winding bounds,  
And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon' mountain's sultry brow?  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose Cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?  
Whose seats the weary Traveller repose? 260  
Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to rise?  
The MAN of Ross, each lisping babe replies.  
Behold the Market-place with poor o'er-spread!  
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265  
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:

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V. 250, &c. *The MAN of Ross.*] The Person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true Name was almost lost (partly by the Title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an Inscription) was called Mr. *John Kyrle*. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of Ross in Herefordshire.

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.

Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271  
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more,  
Despairing *Quacks* with curses fled the place,  
And vile *Attornies*, now an useless race.

"Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275

"What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.

"Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?

"What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

Of Debts and taxes, Wife and children clear,

This man possest—five hundred Pounds a year, 280

Blush Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your  
blaze!

Ye little Stars! hide your diminished rays.

"AND what? no monument, inscription, stone?

"His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame, 285

Will never mark the marble with his name:

Go search it there \*, where to be born and die,

Of rich and poor makes all the history;

Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;

Prov'd by the Ends of Being, to have been. 290

When *Hopkins* dies, a thousand lights attend

The wretch, who living sav'd a candles, end:

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\* The Parish Register.

Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,  
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands :  
 That live-long Wig which *Gorgon's* self might own, 295  
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.  
 Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!  
 And see, what comfort it affords our End.

IN the worst Inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung. 300  
 On once a flockbed, but repair'd with straw,  
 With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,  
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
 Great *Villers* lies---alas ! how chang'd from him, 305  
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !  
 Gallant and gay, in *Cliveden's* proud alcove,  
 The bow'r of wanton *Shrewsbury* and Love ;  
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring  
 Of mimic'd Statesmen, and their merry King. 310  
 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store !  
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.

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V. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian-stone.*] Ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on Busto's, of which there are several vile examples in the Tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

V. 299. &c. The Fate of the *Profuse* and the *Covetous*, in two *Examples* : Both miserable in *Life* and in *Death*.

V. 305. George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in this manner.

There,

There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage *Cutler* could foresee, 315  
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."

As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John*?  
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,  
Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320

Thy life more wretched, *Cutler*, was confess'd,  
Arise and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?

*Cutler* saw tenants break, and houses fall,  
For very want, he could not build a wall.

His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325  
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r,

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd.  
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,  
Banish'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330

What but a want, which you perhaps think mad  
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.

*Cutler* and *Brutus*, dying both exclaim,  
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?"

SAY, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335  
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,  
Or tell a Tale?—A Tale—it follows thus.

WHERE *London's* Column pointing at the skies,  
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies;      340  
 There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,  
 A plain good man, and *Balaam* was his name.  
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords,      345  
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.  
 Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,  
 His givings rare, five farthings to the poor.

THE *Dev'l* was piqu'd, such saintship to behold,  
 And long'd to tempt him like good *Job* of old:      350  
 But *Satan* now is wiser than of yore,  
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.  
 Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep  
 The surge, and plunge his *Father* in the deep;  
 Then full against his *Cornish* lands they roar,      355  
 And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

SIR *Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,  
 He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:  
 "Live like your self," was soon my Lady's word;  
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board.      360

ASLEEP and naked as an *Indian* lay,  
 An honest Factor stole a Gem away:

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V. 339. *Where London's Column*] The Monument  
 built in memory of the Fire of London, with an In-  
 scription importing that City to have been burnt by the  
 Papists.

He

He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,  
 So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.  
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365  
 " I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,  
 " Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice----  
 " And am so clear too of all other vice."

THE Tempter saw his time? the work he ply'd ;  
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370  
 Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent,  
 In one abundant show'r of *Cent. per Cent.*  
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
 Then dubs *Director*, and secures his soul.

BEHOLD Sir *Balaam*, now a man of spirit, 375  
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit,  
 What late he call'd a *Blessing*, now was *Wit*,  
 And God's good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.  
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn,  
 His Compting-house imploy'd the sunday-morn ; 380  
 Seldom at Church, (twas such a busy life)  
 But duly sent his Family and Wife.  
 There, so the Dev'l ordain'd, one Christmas tide  
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight ; 385  
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite :  
 Leaves the dull cits, and joins, to please the fair,  
 The well bred cuckolds in St. *James's* Air :  
 First, for his Son a gay *Commission* buys,  
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies. 390

His Daughter flaunts a *Viscount's* tawdry wife ;  
 She bears a Coronet and p--x for life.  
 In Britain's *Senate* he a seat obtains,  
 And one more Pensioner *St. Stephen* gains.  
 My Lady falls to *Play* : So bad her chance, 395  
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from *France* ;  
 The House impeach him ; *Coningsby* harangues ;  
 The Court forsake him, and Sir *Balaam* hangs :  
 Wife, son, and Daughter, *Satan*, are thy own ;  
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown, 400  
 The Devil and the King divide the prize,  
 And sad Sir *Balaam* curses God and dies.

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V. 358. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.]--*

—atque unum civem donare *Sybilla*. Juv.

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EPISTLE

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# EPISTLE IV.

T O

Richard *Earl of Burlington.*

**T**IS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ,  
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Is it less strange the Prodigal should waste

His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;

Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :

He buys for *Topham*, Drawings and Designs,

For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Pembroke* Coins,

Rare monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,

And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloane*.

---

This Epistle is a Corollary to the preceding : As that treated of the Extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion*, this takes up one branch of the latter, *the Vanity of Expence* in people of Quality or Fortune.

V. 7. *Topham*.] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings:

V. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloane* ]

Two eminent Physicians ; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest Collection in Europe of natural curiosities ; both men of great learning and humanity.

Think we all these are for himself? no more  
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?  
Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.  
What brought Sir *Visto*'s ill-got wealth to waste? 15  
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Visto!* have a Taste."  
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,  
And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.  
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,  
Bids *Bubo* build, and sends him such a Guide: 20  
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,  
'That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You show us *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,  
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.  
Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble rules 25  
Fill half the land with imitating Fools;  
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,  
And of one beauty many blunders make;  
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,  
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate; 30  
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all  
On some patch'd Dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,  
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,  
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.

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V. 15. The Abuse of the Word *Taste*.

V. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Shall

Shall call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar, 35  
Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;  
Conscious they act a true *Palladian* part,  
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

15 Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,  
A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40  
Something there is more needful than Expence,  
And something previous ev'n to Taste — 'Tis *Sense*:  
Good *Sense*, which only is the gift of heav'n,  
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:  
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45  
20 *Jones* and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend;  
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,  
25 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;  
In all let *Nature* never be forgot. 50  
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair;  
Nor over dress, nor leave her wholly bare;  
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,  
30 Where half the skill is decently to hide.

V. 36. A Door or Window, so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others.

V. 39, &c. That the first principle and foundation of all Taste, is *Good Sense*.

V. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect, and *M. Le Nôtre*, the Designer of the best Gardens of *France*.

V. 47, &c. The chief proof of good *Sense* in this, as in every thing else, is to follow *Nature*, but with Judgment, and Choice.

He gains all points, who *pleasingly confounds,* 55  
*Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.*

CONSULT the *Genius* of the place in all;  
 That tells the waters or to rise or fall,  
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,  
 Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale, 60  
 Calls in the Country, catches opening glades,  
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,  
 Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines;  
 Paints as you plant, and as you work, designs.

BEGIN with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul, 65  
 Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a Whole,  
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,  
 Start ev'n from *Difficulty*, strike from *Chance*;  
 Nature shall join you, *Time* shall make it grow,  
 A Work to wonder at — perhaps a Stow. 70

WITHOUT it, proud *Versailles*! thy glory falls,  
 And *Nero's* Terraces desert their walls:

V. 57, &c. The first Rule, to adapt all to the *Nature* and *Use* of the *Place*, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it.

V. 70. The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viscount *Cobham* in Buckinghamshire.

V. 71, &c. For want of this *Sense*, and thro' neglect of this *Rule*, men are disappointed in the most expensive Undertakings. Nothing without this will ever please long, if it pleases *at all*.

The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,  
 Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:  
 Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, 75  
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Behold *Villario's* ten-years toil compleat,  
 His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet,  
 The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,  
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light; 80  
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display,  
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,  
 With silver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er —  
 Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;  
 Tir'd of the scene Parterres and fountains yield, 85  
 He finds at last he better likes a Field.

THRO' his young woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* stray'd,  
 Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade,  
 With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,  
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet! 90  
 His Son's fine Taste an op'ner vista loves,  
 Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's groves,

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V. 75. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains.*] This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy Citizen, at the expence of above 5000*l.* by which means (merely to overlook a dead Plain) he let in the Northwind upon his House and Parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,  
 With all the mournful family of Yews;  
 The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,  
 Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a day,  
 Where all cry out, " what sums are thrown away!  
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,  
*Soft and Agreeable* come never there.

V. 93. The two Extremes in Parterre, which are equally faulty, a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd Carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

V. 94. — *mournful Family of Yews*] touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews which are the most tansie) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green, continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

V. 97. *At Timon's Villa*] This Description is intended to comprize the Principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good Sense can attain it.

V. 100, &c. The first wrong Principle is to imagine true Greatness consists in *size* and *dimension*; whereas, let the work be ever so vast, unless the parts cohere in one harmony, it will be but a great many Littlenesses put together.

Greatness,

Greatness, with *Timon*, dwells in such a draught  
 As brings all *Brobdignag* before your thought.  
 To compass this, his building is a Town,  
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down :  
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees? 105  
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze.  
 Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around!  
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.  
 Two *Cupids* squirt before : a Lake behind  
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind. 110  
 His Gardens next your admiration call,  
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall?  
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;  
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother, 115  
 And half the platform just reflects the other.  
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,  
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees,

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V. 109. The second Error, *Disproportion*, small things joined to large ones.

V. 112. The *Ends* and *Bounds* being seen at once, which however large, will diminish both of the *Grandeur* and the *Surprise*.

V. 115. Too exact *Resemblance* of Part to Part, and *Repetition* of the same Objects.

V. 117. Figures *unnatural*, *stiff*, and *formal*, or such as cannot be made perfect.

With

With here a Fountain never to be play'd,  
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade. 120  
 Here *Amphytrite* sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;  
 There *Gladiators* fight, or die in flow'rs;  
 Un-water'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,  
 And swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,  
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen : 125  
 But soft——by regular approach—— not yet——  
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat,  
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,  
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes. 130

Has Study? with what Authors is it stor'd?  
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;

To

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V. 119, &c. Ornaments of building or sculpture, either too *much multiplied*, or *ill-placed*, or where *Nature* does not favour 'em. All the Examples are taken from some known Gardens.

V. 122. *The two Statues, of the Gladiator pugnans, and Gladiator moriens.*

V. 128. *The Approaches and Communications of House with Garden, or of one part with another, ill judged and inconvenient.*

V. 131. *His Study? &c.*] The false Taste in Books, a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune, than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carry'd it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood: others

To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,  
 These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Sæil* has bound.  
 Lo some are *Vellom*, and the rest as good 135  
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.  
 For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,  
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

AND now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,  
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r: 140  
 Light quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,  
 Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.  
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,  
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,  
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie, 145  
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.

others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

V. 140. The false Taste in *Musick*, improper to the subjects, as of light *Airs* in Churches, often practis'd by the Organists, &c.

V. 143. — And in *Painting* (from which even *Italy* is not free) of naked Figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put Draperies on some of those of the best Masters.

V. 144, *Verrio* (*Antonio*) painted many Cielings, &c. at *Windsor*, *Hampton Court*, &c. and *Laguerre* at *Blenheim Castle*, and other places.

To rest, the Cushion and soft \* *Dean* invite,  
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

BUT hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;  
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall: 150  
The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,  
And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your face.  
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?  
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;  
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state, 155  
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
*Sancho's* dread Doctor and his Wand were there.  
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,  
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King. 160

---

V. 147. *This is a Fact, a Reverend Dean of Peterborough preaching at Court, threatned the Sinner with punishment in " a place which he thought not decent to name " in so polite an Assembly.*

V. 151. taxes the Incongruity of *Ornaments* (tho' sometimes practis'd by the Ancients) where a distorted Mouth ejects the water into a Fountain, or where the shocking Images of *Serpents*, &c. are introduced in Grottos, or Buffets.

V. 153. *Is this a Dinner? &c.*] The proud Festivals of some Men are here set forth to ridicule, where the Pride destroys the Ease, and the formal Regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

V. 158. *Sancho's dread Doctor.*] See *Don Quixote*, Vol. 4. Chap. 6.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,  
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,  
 Treated, carels'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,  
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;  
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill, 165  
 And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

YET hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;  
 Health to himself, and to his Infants bread  
 The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,  
 His charitable Vanity supplies. 170  
 Another age shall see the golden Ear  
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,  
 Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,  
 And laughing *Ceres* re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil? 175  
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.  
 Tis *Use* alone that sanctifies Expence,  
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from *Sense*.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,  
 Or makes his Neighbours glad if he encrease; 180  
 Whose chearful Tenants bless their yearly toil,  
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;

---

V. 167, &c. The *Moral* of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expence, more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Epist. 2. v. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 161, &c.

Whose

Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed  
 The milky heifer and deserving steed ;  
 Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,  
 But future Buildings, future Navies grow ?  
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,  
 First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.

You too proceed ! make falling Arts your care,  
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair,  
*Jones* and *Palladio* to themselves restore,  
 And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before :  
 Till *Kings* call forth th' Idea's of your mind,  
 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,  
 Bid *Harbours* open, public *Ways* extend,  
 Bid *Temples*, worthier of the God, ascend,

---

V. 193, 195, &c. Till *Kings*.— Bid *Harbours* open, &c.]  
 The Poet after having touched upon the proper objects  
 of Magnificence and Expence, in the private Works of  
 Great Men, comes to those great and publick Works  
 which become a Prince. This Poem was published in the  
 year 1732: when some of the new built Churches, by  
 the Act of Q. Anne, were ready to fall, being founded  
 in boggy land, and others vilely executed, thro' fraudu-  
 lent cabals between Undertakers, Officers, &c. when  
 Dagenham-Breach had done very great mischiefs; when  
 the Proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had  
 been petitioned against, and rejected; when many of the  
 High-ways throughout England were hardly passable,  
 and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes,  
 made Jobbs for private Lucre, and infamously executed,  
 even to the Entrances of London itself. There had, at  
 this time, been an uninterrupted Peace in Europe for  
 above twenty years.

Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,  
The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;  
Back to his bounds their subject *Sea* command,  
And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land:  
These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,  
These are *Imperial Works*, and worthy *Kings*.

200

ETHIC EPISTLES

THIRD BOOK

GENERAL PERSONS

ETHIOPISTES.

the bond, and the dang'rous bond  
is the property of the nation, and  
it is the duty of the nation to  
and the duty of the nation to  
and the duty of the nation to  
and the duty of the nation to

ETHIOPISTES.

ETHIOPISTES.

ETHIOPISTES.

ETHIOPISTES.

EPISTLES

THE

THIRD BOOK

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

EPISTLES

THE

THIRD BOOK

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

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# EPISTLE I.

TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,

AND

Earl MORTIMER.

**S**UCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,\*  
 'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.  
 Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
 Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!  
 Dear to the Muse! to *Harley* dear — in vain!

---

\* This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country.

FOR him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,  
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
 For *Swift* and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
 The sober follies of the wise and great;  
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,  
 And pleas'd escape from Flattery to Wit.

10

ABSENT or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,  
 Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays,  
 Who careless now of Interest, fame, or fate,  
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;  
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
 Behold thee glorious only in thy *Fall*.

15

20

AND sure, if ought below the seats divine  
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:  
 A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,  
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,  
 The rage of Pow'r, the blast of publick breath,  
 The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

25

IN vain to Desarts thy retreat is made;  
 The *Muse* attends thee to the silent shade:  
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all th'oblig'd desert, and all the vain;  
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.

30

Ev'n

# EPISTLES.

817

Ev'n now, the shades thy ev'ning walk with bays, 35  
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)

Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,

Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,

Thro' Fortunes cloud one truly great can see,

Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

40

EPISTLE II

T O

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,

Which nothing seeks to show, or

hide,

A

Which not to Gulls, nor Fears, the Cuckoo owns,

And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows,

A Face untaught to feign, a judging Eye,

That darts love upon a rising Eye,

And strikes a plain thro' fronted flattery,

All this thou wert; and being this before,

Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.

When thou dost a friend by some way,

Not wish to lose a For those Virtues sake;

G 2 EPISTLE

## EPISTLE II.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

SECRETARY of STATE.

**A** Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,  
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs  
hide,

Which not to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes,  
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows:  
A Face untaught to feign! a judging Eye,  
That darts severe upon a rising Lye,  
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.  
All this thou wert; and being this before,  
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.  
~~Then scorn to gain~~ a friend by servile ways,  
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;

But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
Proceed — a Minister, but still a Man ;

Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)

Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me.

15.

The Patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue ;

If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

O T

Mr. Addison.

G EPISTLE

## EPISTLE III,

TO

Mr. ADDISON.

SEE the wild Waste of all devouring years!  
 How *Rome* her own sad *Sepulchre* appears,  
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread,  
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!  
 Imperial wonders, rais'd on Nations spoil'd,  
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:  
 Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,  
 Now drain'd a distant Country of her Floods;  
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey;  
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they;

---

\* This was written in 1715, at which time Mr. Addison intended to publish his Book of Medals. It was some time before he was Secretary of State.

Some

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age ;  
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage ;  
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire,  
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15  
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a Name ;  
 That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,  
 And give to *Titus* old *Vespasian's* due.

AMBITION sigh'd: She found it vain to trust  
 The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust ; 20  
 Huge Moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,  
 Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more !  
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,  
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin :  
 A narrow orb each crouded Conquest keeps, 25  
 Beneath her Palm here sad *Judæa* weeps.  
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,  
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,  
 A small *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,  
 And little *Eagles* wave their wings in gold. 30

THE *Medal*, faithful to its charge of fame,  
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :  
 In one short view subjected to our eye  
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie.  
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35  
 Th' inscription value, but the Rust adore ;  
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,  
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !

To gain *Pescennius* one employs his schemes,  
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in ecstasies of dreams; 40  
 Poor *Vadius* long with learned spleen devour'd  
 Can taste no pleasure since his *Shield* was scour'd;  
 And *Curio*, restless by the fair one's side,  
 Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his Bride.

THEIRS is the Vanity, the Learning thine: 45  
 'Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome's* glories shine,  
 Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,  
 And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.  
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;  
 'These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage; 50  
 'The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,  
 And Art reflected images to Art.

ON when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,  
 Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame,  
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55  
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?  
 Here, rising bold, the *Patriot's* honest face;  
 There *Warriors* frowning in historic brass:  
 'Then future ages with delight shall see  
 How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's* looks agree; 60  
 Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,  
 A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.  
 Then shall thy *Craggs* (and let me call him mine)  
 On the cast Ore, another *Pollio* shine;  
 With aspect open, shall erect his head, 65  
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,

“ Statesman,

" Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,  
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;  
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend, 70  
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

MR. J. R. N. A.

With Dignity's Translation of the

G. EPISTLE:

## EPISTLE IV.

TO

Mr. *J E R V A S*,

With *Dryden's* Translation of *Fresnoy's*  
*Art of Painting.*

**T**HIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse  
 This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.  
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,  
 Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;  
 Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd Mass,  
 And from the canvas call the mimic face:  
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire  
*Fresnoy's* close Art, and *Dryden's* native Fire:  
 And reading with, like theirs our fate and fame,  
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;  
 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,  
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

SMIT with the love of sister-arts we came,  
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
 Like friendly colours found them both unite,  
 And each from each contract new strength and light.  
 How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?  
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,  
 While images reflect from art to art?  
 How oft' review; each finding like a friend  
 Something to blame, and something to commend?

WHAT flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,  
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!  
 Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,  
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair *Italy*.  
 With thee, on *Raphael's* Monument I mourn;  
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at *Maro's* Urn:  
 With thee repose, where *Tully* once was laid,  
 Or seek some *Ruin's* formidable shade;  
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
 And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.  
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;  
 A Fading *Fresco* here demands a sigh:  
 Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,  
 Match *Raphael's* grace with thy lov'd *Guido's* air,  
*Carricci's* strength, *Corregio's* softer line,  
*Paulo's* free stroke, and *Titian's* warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the \* work of years!

---

\* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing this  
 Poem.

Yet still how faint by precept is express'd  
 'The living image in the painter's breast?  
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,  
 Strike in the sketch, or in the Picture glow;  
 Thence Beauty waking all her forms, supplies  
 An Angel's sweetness, or *Bridgewater's* eyes.

MUSE! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed;  
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead!  
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,  
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:  
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:  
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore:  
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;  
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age,  
 Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,  
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
 Thus *Churchill's* race shall other hearts surprize,  
 And other Beauties envy *Worsley's* eyes;  
 Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless smiles bestow,  
 And soft *Belinda's* blush for ever glow.

On lasting as those Colours may they shine;  
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!  
 New graces yearly like thy works display,  
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;  
 Lied by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;  
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains!

# EPISTLE

337

The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,  
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.

70

Yet should the *Graces* all thy figures place,

And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;

Yet should the *Muses* bid my numbers roll,

Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;

With *Zeuxis*, *Helen* thy *Bridgewater* vie,

45

And these be sung 'till *Granville's Myra* die:

Alas! how little from the grave we claim?

'Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

MRS. BLOUNT

With the Works of POETRY

Written at 17 Years old.

EPISTLE

## EPISTLE V.

TO

MIS BLOUNT,

With the Works of VOITURE

Written at 17 Years old.

**I**N these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,  
 And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;  
 His easy Art may happy Nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him:  
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,  
 Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;  
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;  
 With wit well natur'd, and with books well-bred:  
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share!  
 His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.

# EPISTLES.

139

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay;  
 Cheerful he play'd the trifling Life away.  
 'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,  
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.  
 Ev'n rival Wits for *Voiture's* death deplore,  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;  
 The truest hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with sighs,  
*Voiture* was wept by all the brightest eyes;  
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe:

LET the strict life of graver mortals be,  
 Along, exact, and serious Comedy,  
 In every scene some Moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,  
 Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:  
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,  
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;  
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;  
 Your pleasure is a Vice, but not your pride;  
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;  
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater in their place;  
 Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,  
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst.

Still

Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,  
 Or bound in formal, or in real Chains.  
 Whole years neglected, for some Months ador'd,  
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.  
 Ah quit not the free innocence of Life,  
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife!  
 Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please:  
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

THE Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her pray'rs,  
 Gave the gilt Coach, and dappled *Flanders Mares*, 50  
 The shining Robes, rich Jewels, beds of State,  
 And, to compleat her bliss, a Fool for Mate.  
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,  
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!  
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part,  
 She sighs, and is no Dutchess at her Heart. 56

BUT, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
 Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing Victim too;  
 Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,  
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late disarms; 60  
 Good humour only teaches Charms to last,  
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;  
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,  
 Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a day,  
 As flow'ry Bands in wantonnefs are worn. 65  
 A Morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn:  
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
 The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

# EPISTLES.

14

Thus \* *Voiture*'s early care still shone the same,  
And *Monthanfer* was only chang'd in name : 70  
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
Their Wit still sparkling, and their Flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elysian* coast,  
Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost :  
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
And finds a fairer *Ramboüillet* in you. 74  
The brightest eyes of *France* inspir'd his muse ;  
The brightest eyes of *Britain* now peruse :  
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride  
Still to charm those who charm the World beside. 80

---

\* *Mademoiselle Paulet*.

---

EPISTLE

## EPISTLE VI.

To the same on her leaving the Town  
after the **CORONATION**.

**A**s some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care  
Drags from the Town to wholesome country air  
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:  
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,  
Sow others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
She sigh'd not that they *stay'd*, but that she *went*.

SHE went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:  
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,  
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,  
~~To muse and~~ spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;  
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,  
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

SOME Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;  
 Whose game is whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;  
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25  
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries——No words!  
 Or with his hound comes hollowing from a stable,  
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;  
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
 And loves you best of all things——but his horse;

IN some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;  
 In pensive thought recal the fancy'd scene,  
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;  
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35  
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd knights;  
 While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;  
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
 Thus vanish scepters, coronets, and balls,  
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your Slave, at some, dear idle time,  
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you:  
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45  
 Or sees the blush of soft *Parthenia* rise,

Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite ;  
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight :  
 Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
 Look four, and hum a song——as you may now. 30

EPISTLE

## EPISTLE VII.

TO  
Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

**S**HUT, shut the door, good *John*! fatigu'd I said,  
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,  
All *Bedlam* or *Parnassus*, is let out:  
Fire in each eye, and Papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

This Epistle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at several times, as the several Occasions offered. He had no thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only his *Writings*, but his *Morals*, *Person*, and *Family*: Of which he therefore thought himself obliged to give some account.

WHAT

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,  
 By land by water, they renew the charge,  
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10  
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,  
 Ev'n *Sunday* shines no *Sabbath-day* to me:  
 Then from the *Mint* walks forth the Man of rhyme,  
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson much be-mus'd in beer, 15  
 A maudlin poetess, a ryming peer,  
 A cleric, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a Stanza when he should engross?  
 Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls  
 With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20  
 All fly to *Twit'nams*, and in humble strain  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
*Arthur*, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,  
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:  
 Poor *Cornus* sees his frantic wife elope, 25  
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

FRIEND to my Life! (which did not you prolong,  
 The World had wanted many an idle song)  
 What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?  
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30  
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,  
 If foes, they write, - if friends they read me dead.  
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I,  
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye;  
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35  
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read  
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;  
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years." 40

NINE years! cries he, who high in *Drury-lane*  
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,  
 Rymes 'ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,  
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece you think is incorrect, why take it, 45  
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

THREE things another's modest wishes bound,  
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

\* PITHOLEON sends to me: "You know his Grace,  
 I want a Patron; ask him for a Place," 50

Pitboleon libell'd me——"but here's a letter

Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better,

"Dare you refuse him? *Curl* invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*."

BLESS me! a packet.——" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55

"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, Furies, "death and rage!

If I approve, "commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The Play'rs and I are luckily no friends, 60

---

\* The name taken from a foolish Poet at *Rhodes*, who  
 pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. lib. 1.

Fir'd

Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Death I'll print it  
 " And shame the fools---your interest, Sir, with *Lintot*.  
*Lintot*, dull rogue! will think your price too much,  
 " Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."  
 All my demurs but double his attacks,  
 At last he whispers " do, and we go snacks,  
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clapt the door,  
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when *Midas*' Ears began to spring,  
 (*Midas*, a sacred person and a King)  
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,  
 (Some say his \* Queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,  
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?  
 " Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,  
 \* I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;  
 " Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,  
 " 'Tis nothing."——Nothing? if they bite and kick?  
 Out with it *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,  
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:  
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?  
 The Queen of *Midas* slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.

---

\* The story is told by some of his Barber, but  
*Chaucer* of the Queen, See *Wife of Bath's Tale*  
*Dryden's Fables*.

Let peals of laughter, *Codrus*! round thee break, 85  
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:  
 Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,  
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.  
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',  
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread a new: 90  
 Destroy his sib, or sophistry in vain,  
 The creature's at his dirty work again;  
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs;  
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!  
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95  
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or *Parnassian* sneer?  
 And has not *Colly* still his lord, and whore?  
 His butchers *Henly*, his free-masons *Moore*?  
 Does not one table *Bavius* still admit?  
 Still to one Bishop *P*——, seem a wit? 100  
 Still *Sappho*—"Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend,  
 "No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.  
 "I too could write, and I am twice as tall,  
 "But foes like these!—One *Flatt'rer*'s worse than all.  
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105  
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite,  
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent;  
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*,

ONE dedicates in high heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes; 110

---

V. 88. ——— Alluding to Horace,  
 ——— *Si fractus illabatur Orbis*  
*Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

One from all *Grub-street* will my fame defend,  
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

THERE are, who to my person pay their court, 115  
 I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,  
*Ammon*'s great son one shoulder had too high,  
 Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an eye—"  
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see 120  
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, meet in me.  
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"  
 And when I die be sure you let me know  
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

WHY did I write? what sin to me unknown 131  
 Dipt me in Ink, my parents, or my own?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.  
 I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 135  
 'The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,  
 'To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,  
 'To second *ARBUTHNOT*! thy Art and Care,  
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

BUT why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 139  
 And knowing *Walsb*, would tell me I could write;  
 Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,  
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;

The courtly *Talbot*, \* *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,  
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140  
 And St. *John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)  
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.  
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!  
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!  
 From these the world will judge of Men and books,  
 Not from the † *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence  
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?  
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150  
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;  
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still,  
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;  
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.

\* All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. *Dryden*,  
 tho' a scandalous libel against him, entituled, *Dryden's*  
 131 *Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the  
 Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author  
 charges the publication of his first pieces: Persons with  
 whom he was conversant (and he adds belov'd) at 16 or  
 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance.  
 135 The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he  
 not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals*  
 and *Windfor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure  
 in the lines following,

*While pure Description held the place of Sense, &c.*

The † Authors of secret and scandalous History.

If want provok'd, or madness made them print,  
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

DID some more sober Critic come abroad?  
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.  
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.  
Comma's and points they set exactly right,  
And 'twere a sin to rob them of there mite.  
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,  
From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*.  
Each Wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables,  
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,  
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.  
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there?

WERE others angry? I excus'd them too;  
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,  
But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?  
The Bard whom pilf'ring Pastorals renown,  
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,  
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year:  
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;

And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:  
 All these my modest Satire bad translate,  
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate*! 190  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chase?  
 And swear? not *Addison* himself was safe.

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires  
 True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,  
 Blest with each talent, and each art to please, 195  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:  
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with zealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;  
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210  
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

WHAT tho' my name stood rubric on the walls? 217  
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals?  
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,  
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad?  
 I fought no homage from the race that write;  
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight; 220  
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)  
 No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.  
 I ne'er with wits or witlings past my days,  
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;  
 Nor like a puppy daggled through the town, 225  
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;  
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,  
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;  
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,  
 To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

PROUD, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,  
 Sate full-blown *Buso*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;  
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,  
*Horace* and he went hand and hand in song.  
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235  
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)  
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,  
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:

---

V. 256.----a true *Pindar* stood without a Head.] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for *Plato*, *Homer*, *Pindar*, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urfin*, &c.

217 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,  
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat : 240  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He pay'd some Bards with port, and some with praise,  
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,  
 220 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
 Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh, 245  
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :  
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,  
 225 He help'd to bury him he help'd to starve.

MAY some choice Patron bless each gray-goose quill !  
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still ! 250  
 So, when a Statesman wants a day's defence,  
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with sense,  
 230 Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,  
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !  
 Blest be the *Great* ! for those they take away, 255  
 And those they left me ; For they left me *GAY* ;  
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
 Neglected die ! and tell it on his tomb :  
 235 Of all thy blameless life the sole return  
 My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn !

OH let me live my own, and die so too ! 261  
 (" To live and die is all I have to do : )

---

V. 248.----*help'd to bury.*] Mr. Dryden, after having  
 liv'd in exigences, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd  
 upon him by the contribution of several Persons of  
 Quality.

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,  
 And see what friends, and read what books I please :  
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend  
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.  
 I was not born for Courts or great Affairs ;  
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;  
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,  
 Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

WHY am I ask'd, what next shall see the light ?  
 Heav'ns ! was I born for nothing but to write ?  
 Has life no joys for me ? or, to be grave,  
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?  
 " I found him close with *Swift*.--Indeed ? no doubt  
 " (*Cries prating Balbus*) something will come out.  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will : 277  
 " No, such a *Genius* never can lie still,  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first Lampoon *Sir Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280  
 Poor guiltless I ! and can I chuse but smile,  
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Stile* ?

CURST be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285  
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear !  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,  
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290  
 That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame ;  
 Who

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,  
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;  
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295  
 Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray:  
 Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,  
 And sees at *Cannon's* what was never there; 300  
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.  
 A Lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
 But all such babling blockheads in his stead.

LET *Sporus* tremble---“What? that thing of silk,  
 “*Sporus*, that mere white curd of *Als's* milk? 306  
 “Satire or sense alas! can *Sporus* feel?  
 “Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?”  
 Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings, 310  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,

---

V. 299. See the Epistle to the Earl of *Burlington*.

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320  
 In pans, or politicks, or tales, or lyes,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325  
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,  
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.  
*Eve's* tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330  
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,  
 Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,  
 Nor Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335  
 Not proud, nor servile, be one Poet's praise,  
 That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by many ways,  
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.  
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340  
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song.  
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,  
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345  
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;.

The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350  
 Th' imputed trash, the dulness not his own;  
 The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,  
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;  
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355  
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S ear——  
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:  
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last*!

" But why insult the poor, affront the great?" 360  
 A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state:  
 A like my scorn, if he succeed or fail,  
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,  
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,  
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire, 365  
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,  
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

---

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Trash,*] Such as profane  
*Psalms, Court Poems,* and other scandalous things, printed  
 in his Name by *Curl* and others.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread*]  
 Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bur-  
 lington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop At-  
 terbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his  
 Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in  
 printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducker, Lord Wel-  
 sted, Tho. Bently, and other obscure Persons.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was bit :  
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370  
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :  
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,  
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moore* :  
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ;  
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welfstead's* lye : 375  
 To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life :  
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.  
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,  
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will ;

VER. 374. *Ten years.*] It was so long before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

VER. 375 *Welfstead's Lye.*] This man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasion'd a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also publish'd that he libel'd the Duke of *Cbandos*; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred Pounds*; the Falschood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any Present, farther than the Subscription for *Homer* from him, or from *Any Great Man* whatsoever.

*Budgel* in a weekly pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, bestow'd much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet-Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Authors.

Let

Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse, 380  
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:  
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,  
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

That

---

VER. 381. *His Father, Mother, &c.*] In some of  
 Curl's and other Pamphlets, Mr Pope's Father was said  
 to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt.  
 But what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection  
 could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt  
 an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an  
*Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: And the following line,

*Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,*

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to  
 the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a  
 Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the Head of which  
 was the *Earl of Downe*, whose sole Heiress married the  
*Earl of Lindsey*——His mother was the Daughter of  
*William Turner, Esq;* of York: She had three Brothers,  
 one of whom was kill'd, another died in the Service of  
 King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and be-  
 coming a General Officer in Spain, left her what estate  
 remain'd after the Sequestrations and Forfeitures of her  
 Family——Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in  
 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was  
 finished. The following Inscription was plac'd by their  
 Son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham,  
 in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore,  
 Hear this, and spare his Family, *James Moore* ! 385  
 Unspotted names, and memorable long,  
 If there be force in virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,  
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)  
 Each parent sprang—"What fortune, pray?—their own,  
 And better got than *Bessia's* from the throne. 391  
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,  
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,  
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age : 395  
 No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:  
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,  
 No language, but the language of the heart.  
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400  
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise,  
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,  
 His death was instant, and without a groan.  
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!  
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO P10,

QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.

ET EDITHAE CONJUGI INCULPABILI.

PIENTISSIMAE, QUAE VIXIT ANNOS

XCIH, OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT

ET SIBI.

O FRIEND!

# EPISTLES.

163

O FRIEND ! may each domestic bliss be thine !

406

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :

Me, let the tender office long engage

To rock the cradle of reposing Age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,

410

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky !

On cares like these if length of days attend,

May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,

415

And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.

Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,

Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

---

# SATIRES

Q. Further, may each domestic firm be fined?

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\_\_\_\_\_

S A T I R E S

OF

H O R A C E

IMITATED,

With SATIRES of Dr. *Donne*,

Verfify'd by the same hand.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Occasion of publishing these Imitations was the Clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An Answer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of so much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high, a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury who had been Secretary of State; neither of them look'd upon a Satire in Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to incourage, the mistaking a Satyrift for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satyrift nothing is so odious, as a Libeller, for the same reason, as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

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# SATIRE I,

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it,) but am told  
1 There are to whom my Satire seems too bold,  
Scarce to wise *Peter* complaisant enough,  
And something said of *Chartres* much too rough.

2 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5  
Lord *Fanny* spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

3 I come to Council learned in the Law.  
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. 4 I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

5 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

---

Horatius. Trebatius.

HOR. 1 *Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra  
Legem tendere opus; 2 sine nervis altera, quicquid  
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum  
Mille die versus deduci posse. 3 Trebati!  
Quid faciam? præscribe.*

TREB. 4. *Quiescas.* HOR. *Ne faciam, inquis,  
Omnino versus?* TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male, si non  
Optimum erat: 5 verum nequeo dormire,*

I nod

I nod in company, I wake at night,  
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

*F.* You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15  
Why, if the nights seem tedious——take a wife:

6 Or rather truly, if your point be rest,  
Lettuce and cowslip-wine: *Probatum est.*

But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* will advise  
Hartahorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

7 Or, if you needs must write, write *CAESAR's* Praise:

8 You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

*P.* What? like Sir 9 *Richard*, rumbling, rough, and  
fierce,

With *ARMS*, and *GEORGE*, and *BRUNSWICK* crowd the  
verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thun-  
der?

Or nobly wild, with *Budgel's* fire and force,  
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

TREB. 6 *Ter uncti*

*Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,  
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.*

7 *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude  
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, 8 multa laborum  
Præmia laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires  
Deficiunt: 9 neque enim quivis horrentia pilis  
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,  
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.*

*F.* 10. Then

F 10 Then all your Muse's softer art display,  
 Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30  
 Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the nine,  
 And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. 11 Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;  
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year:  
 And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35  
 It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. 12 Better be *Gibber*, I'll maintain it still,  
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme *Quadrille*,  
 Abuse the City's best good men in metre,  
 And laugh at Peers that put their trust in *Peter*. 40  
 13 Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:  
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more;  
*Bond* is but one, but *Harpax* is a score.

TREB. 10 *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere sortem,  
 Scipiadam, ut sapiens Lucilius.*

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,  
 Cum res ipsa feret: 11 nisi dextro tempore, Flacci,  
 Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsar's aurem;  
 Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

TREB. 12 *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu  
 Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?*

13 *Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, &  
 edit.*

P. 14 Each

P. 14 Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45  
 Sc\*le his bottle, D\*ty his Ham-pye;  
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see  
 The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;  
 15 F——— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,  
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50  
 16 I love to pour out all my self, as plain  
 As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:  
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,  
 The Soul stood forth, not kept a thought within;  
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55  
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.  
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends  
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;  
 Publish the present age; but where my text  
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60  
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,  
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

---

HOR. 14 *Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel ista*  
*Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis:*  
 15 *Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem*  
*Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum*  
*Millia: 16 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,*  
*Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.*  
*Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim*  
*Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam*  
*Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis*  
*Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella*

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,  
 17 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,  
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65  
 Like good *Erasmus* in an honest Mean,  
 In moderation placing all my glory,  
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.  
 18 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70  
 19 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,  
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.  
 20 Save but our *Army*! and let *Jove* incrust  
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!  
 21 Peace is my dear delight—not *Fleury's* more: 75  
 But touch me, and no Minister so sore.  
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time  
 22 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

*Vita senis. Sequor : hunc, 17 Lucanus an Appulus anceps:*  
 [Nam *Venusinus* arat finem sub utrumque colonus,  
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) *Sabellis;*  
 Quo ne per vacuum *Romano* incurreret hostis,  
 Sive quod *Appula* gens, seu quod *Lucania*, bellum  
 Incuteret violenta.] 18 Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro  
 Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis  
 Vagina tectus, quem cur distringere coner,  
 19 Tutus ab infestis latronibus? 20 O Pater & Rex  
*Jupiter*! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,  
 Nec quisquam noceat 21 *cupido* mihi pacis! at ille,  
 Qui me commoritur (melius non tangere clamo)  
 22 Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,  
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

80

23 Slander or Poylon dread from *Delia's* rage,  
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be \*  
From furious *Sappho* scarce a milder fate,  
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

24 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels,  
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels,

85

'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,  
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug:

25 So drink with *Waters*, or with *Chartres* eat,  
They'll never poyson you, they'll only cheat.

90

26 Then, learned Sir! to cut the matter short)  
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,  
Whether Old age with faint, but chearful ray,  
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,  
Or Death's black wing already be display'd  
To wrap me in the universal shade;

95

23 *Cervius iratus legis minitatur & urnam;*  
*Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;*  
*Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes :*

24 *Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectus terreat, utque*  
*Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.*

*Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus*  
*Monstratum?* 25 *Scæva vivacem crede nepoti*

*Matrem: nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?*

*Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)*  
*Sed mala tollet animum vitiato melle cicuta.*

26 *Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus*  
*Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;*

Whether

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,  
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write?  
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,  
 27 Like *Lee* or *Budgell*, I will rhyme and print. 100  
*F.* 28 Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,  
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!  
 Plums and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,  
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!  
*P.* 29 What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,  
 Brand the bold front of shameless, guilty men, 106  
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,  
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;  
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause.  
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?  
 Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest strain 111  
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis*' reign?  
 Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,  
 Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a rage?  
 And I not 30 strip the gilding of a Knave, 115  
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?

*Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jufferit, exul,*  
 27 *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*

TREB. 28 *O puer, ut sis*

*Vitalis metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus*  
*Frigore te feriat.*

HOR. 29. *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*  
*Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,*  
 30 *Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*  
*Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui*  
*Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,*

I

I will

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause :  
 Hear this and tremble ! you, who 'scape the laws.  
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave  
 Shall walk in peace, and credit, to his grave. 120  
 31 To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,  
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.  
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep  
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and butsooths my sleep.  
 32 There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125  
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place:  
 There St. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl,  
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:  
 And \* He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,  
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my vines,  
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plane, 131  
 Almost as quickly, as he conquer'd Spain.

*Ingenio offensi ? aut læso doluere Metello,  
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus ? Atqui  
 Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim ;  
 Scilicet 31 UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS  
 AMICIS.*

*32 Quin ubi se a vulgo & scæna, in secreta remorant  
 Virtus Scipiadae, & mitis Sapiencia Læli,  
 Nugari cum illo, & discipuli ludere, donec  
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.*

\* Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took *Barcelona*, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplish'd the Conquest of *Valentia*.

34 ENVY must own, I live among the Great,  
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state, 134  
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,  
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats.

To help who want, to forward who excel;  
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;  
And who unknown defame me, let them be  
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause —

35 What saith my Council learned in the laws?

F. 36. Your Plea is good; but still, I say, beware!

Laws are explain'd by Men — so have a care.

It stands on record, that in *Richard's* times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

37 Consult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,

*Edwardi sext. or prim. & quint. Eliz.*

— *Quicquid sum ego, quamvis*

*Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me*

34 *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque*

*Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,*

Offendet solido; —

35 — *Nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,*  
*Dissentis.*

TREB. 36. *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.*

*Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti*

*Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum.*

37. “ Si mala conderit in quem quis carmina  
jus est

“ *Judiciumque.*

See *Libels, Satires* — here you have it — read.

P 38. *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed !  
 But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light, 150  
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,  
 Such as Sir *Robert* would approve —

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed;  
 39 In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155  
 My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

H O R. *Esto, si quis 38 mala; sed bona si quis*  
*Judice condiderit laudatur CAESARE: si quis*  
*Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,*  
 39 *Solventur risu tabulae; tu missus abibis.*

# S A T I R E II.

1 **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art  
 To live on little with a chearful heart,  
 2 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)  
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk 3 before we dine :  
 5 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5  
 Turns you from sound Philosophy aside :  
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,  
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.  
 HEAR *Bethel's* Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,  
 4 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules, 10  
 8 Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began)  
 Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.

---

1 *Quæ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,*  
*Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem præcepit Ofellus*  
*Rusticus, 4 abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)*  
*Discite 5 non inter lanceis, mensasque nitenteis.*  
*Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum*  
*Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat :*  
 3 *Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc*  
*Dicam si potero——*  
 —— 8 *Leporem sectatus, equoque Lassus ——*  
*Cum labor extuderit fastidia, fœcus, inanis,*

9 You

- 9 Your wine lock'd up, your Buttlér stroll'd abroad,  
 Or kept from fish, (the river yet unthaw'd)  
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15  
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.  
 10 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men  
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;  
 Yet hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,  
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20  
 11 Of Carps and Mulletts why prefer the great,  
 (Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)  
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?  
 Because God made these large, the other less.

*Sperne cibum vilem. — 9 Foris est Promus, & atrum  
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis  
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut  
 Quo partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas  
 Summa, sed in teipso est \*\*\**

*10 Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin  
 Hoc potius quam gallina, tergere palatum —  
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista  
 Quam laudas, pluma? — 11 Laudas, insane, trilibrem  
 Mllum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.  
 Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo  
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis  
 Majorem natura madum dedit, his breve pondas.*

12 *Oldfield*, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, : 5  
 Cries, " Send me, Gods! a whole Hog † barbecu'd!  
 Oh blast it, 13 south-winds! till a stench exhale  
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,  
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30

When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a Treat,  
 He'll find no relish in the sweetest meat,  
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,  
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :  
 15 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, 35  
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity !

16 The *Robin-red-breast* till of late had rest,  
 And children sacred held a *Martin's* nest,  
 Till *Becca-ficos* sold so dev'lish dear,  
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40

12 Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino  
 Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos  
 Præsentis Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis  
 Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando  
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum, cum rapula plenus  
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. 15 Necdum omnis abacta  
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis  
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus ———  
 16 Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,

† A *West Indian* term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuff'd with spice, and basted with *Madera* wine.

17 Let me extol a *Cat*, on oysters fed,  
 I'll have a party at the *Bedford-head*,  
 Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfish* recommend,  
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

18 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45  
 About one vice, and fall into the other;  
 Between excess and famine lies a mean,  
 Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

19 *Avidien*, or his Wife (no matter which,  
 For him you'll call a 20 dog, and her a bitch) 50  
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,  
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

21 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,  
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some 22 lucky day (as when they found 55  
 A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

*Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. 17 Ergo*  
*Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit affos,*  
*Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.*

18 *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*  
*Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,*  
*Si te alio pravum detorseris. 19 Avidienus*  
*(20 Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret)*  
*Quinquennas oleas est, & sylvestra corna:*

21 *Ac nisi mutatum parcit defundere vinum, &*  
*Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit*  
*Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum*

22 *Festus ablatas celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

At such a feast, 23 old vinegar to spare,  
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear ;  
Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart, 60  
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

24 He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,  
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;  
Nor 25 stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,  
Swears, like *Albutius*, a good Cook away ; 65  
Nor lets, like 26 *Nævius*, ev'ry error pass,  
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

27 Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :  
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)  
First Health: 28 The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,  
A tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish, 71  
Where bile and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,  
And all the man is one intestine war)

*Caulibus insillat; 23 veteris non parcus aceti.*

*Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum  
Utrum imitabitur? hæc urget lupus, hæc canis, aiunt.*

24 *Mundus erit qui non offendat sordibus, atque  
In neutram partem cultus miser. 25 Hic neque servus*

*Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia dedit,  
Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex 26 Nævius, unctam  
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.*

27 *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum  
Afferat. 28 In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res  
noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ*

Remembers oft 29 the School-boys simple fare,  
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air. 73

30 How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest  
Rise from a clergy, or a city, feast!

What life in all that ample body, say,  
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines 80  
'To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.

31 On morning wings how active springs the Mind  
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

32 Not but we may exceed, some holy time,  
Or tir'd in search of Truth; or search of Rhyme;

*Quæ simplex 29 olim tibi federat; at simul assis  
Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis,*

*Dulcia se in bilem vertunt, stomachoque tumultum:*

*Lenta feret pituita. 30 Vides ut pallidus omnis*

*Cæna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum*

*Hæsternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,*

*Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*

31 *Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori*

*Membra dedit; vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.*

32 *Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quandam:*

*Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,*

*Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique*

*Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas*

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,  
 And more, the sickness of long life, old age;  
 33 For fainting age what cordial drop remains, 95  
 If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?

34 Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose  
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose?  
 Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,  
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last: 100  
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,  
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

35 Why had not I in those good times my birth,  
 Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear, 105  
 36 That sweetest musick to an honest ear;  
 For faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,  
 The world's good word is better than a song)

*Imbecilla volet: 33 Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,  
 Quam puer & validus præsumis mollitiem, seu  
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?*

34 Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia  
*nasus*

*Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) hac mentè, quod hospes*

*Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam*

*Integrum edax dominus consumeret. 35 Hos utinam  
 inter*

*Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset?*

36 Das aliquid Famæ? (quæ carmine gratior aurem  
 Occupat humanam) Grandes rhombi, patinæque

Who has not learn'd, 37 fresh sturgeon and ham-pye  
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy ! 110  
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,  
 Curs'd by thy 38 neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,  
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,  
 Think how posterity will treat thy name ;  
 And 39 buy a rope, that future times may tell 115  
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

40 " Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need  
 " To have a Taste, is insolence indeed :  
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,  
 " My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great. 120  
 Then, like the Sun, let 41 Bounty spread her ray,  
 And shine that superfluity away.  
 Oh impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,  
 How dar't thou let one worthy man be poor ?  
 Shall half the 42 new-built churches round thee fall ? 125  
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair *White-ball* :

*Grande ferent una 37 cum damno dedecus. Adde*

38 *Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*

*Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti*

39 *As, laquei pretium. ———*

—— 40 *Jure, inquis, Thraxus istis*

*Jurgatur verbis ; ego vestigalia magna,*

*Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 Ergo*

*Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis ?*

*Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite ? quare*

42 *Templa ruunt antiqua Deum ? cur improbe ! caræ*

*Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo ?*

*Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res ?*

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,  
As *M\*\*o's* was, but not at five per cent.

43 Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,  
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind!

And 44 who stands safest tell me? is it he  
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,  
Or blest with little, whose preventing care  
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

45 Thus *Bethel* spoke, who always speaks his thought,  
And always thinks the very thing he ought. 136

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the man:

In *South-sea* days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of thousands, than if now 46 *Excis'd*; 146

In forests planted by a Father's hand,

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On 47 brocoli and mutton, round the year;

43 *O magnus post hac inimicis risus! uter-ne*

44 *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui*

*Pluribus assuet mentem corpusque superbum?*

*An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,*

*In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?*

45 *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hanc ego parvus Ofellum*

*Integris opibus novi non latius usum,*

*Quam nunc 46 accisis. Videas, metato in agello,*

*Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta*

*Quidquam præter 47 olas fumosæ cum pede pernae.*

But

But 48 ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play) 193  
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.  
 'Tis true, no 49 Turbots dignify my boards,  
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my *Thames* affords:  
 To *Hounslow-beath* I point, and *Bansted-down*,  
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:  
 50 From yon, old walnut-tree, a show'r shall fall; 151  
 And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,  
 And figs, from standard and espalier join:  
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.  
 Then 51 chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)  
 And, what's more rare, - a Poet shall say *Grace*, 156  
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;  
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?  
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,  
 Before, and after 52 Standing Armies came. 160

*At mihi cum 48 longum post tempus venerit hospes.*  
*Sive operum vacuo, &c. — bene erit, non piscibus urbe*  
*petitis,*  
*Sed pullo atque hædo; tum 50 pensilis uva secundas*  
*Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplice ficu.*  
*Posthac ludus erit 51 Cuppa potare Magistra,*  
*At Venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto,*  
*Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.*  
*Saviat, atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!*  
*Quantum hic imminuit? quanto aut ego parcius aut*  
*vos,*  
*O pueri, nituistis, ut huc 52 novus Incola venit?*

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;  
 I'll hire another's: is not that my own?  
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate  
 (None comes too early, none departs too late;  
 For I, who hold sage *Homer's* rule the best, 165  
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest)  
 " Pray heav'n it last! (cries *Swift*) as you go on;  
 " I wish to God this house had been your own:  
 " Pity! to build, without a son or wife:  
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."— 170  
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,  
 Whether the name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon*?  
 What's 53 *Property*? dear *Swift*! you see it alter  
 From you to me, from me 54 to *Peter Walter*,  
 Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's share, 175  
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir,  
 Or, in pure 55 equity (the case not clear)  
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:  
 At best, it falls to some 56 ungracious son,  
 Who cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own. 180  
 57 Shades, that to *Ba\*\*n* could retreat afford,  
 Are now the portion of a booby lord;

---

53 *Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum*  
*Nec me, aut quemquam statuit; nos expulit ille,*  
*illum aut 55 Nequities, aut 55 vafri inscitia juris,*  
*Postremo expellet certe 56 vivacior hæres,*  
 57 *Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine super Ofelli*  
*dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum.*

And *Hemfley*, once proud \* *Buckingham's* delight,  
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

58 Let lands and houses have what lords they will, 185  
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

*Nunc mihi, nunc alii, 58 Quocirca vivite fortes !  
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.*

\* Villers Duke of Buckingham.

S A T R E S

O F

Dr. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St: PAUL's.

*Quid vetat, ut nosmet Lucili scripta legentes  
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit  
Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes  
Mollius?*

HOR.

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THE  
SECOND SATIRE

OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

**S**IR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate  
 Perfectly all this Town; yet there's one State  
 In all ill things so excellently best,  
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.  
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,  
 As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in:  
 Though like the Pestilence, and old fashion'd love,  
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove  
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state  
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate;

THE  
SECOND SATIRE

OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew  
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too;  
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still  
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,  
That all beside one pities, not abhors;  
As who knows Sa\*\*s smiles at other whores;

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;  
It brought, no doubt, th' *Excise* and *Army* in:  
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the lord knows how;  
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10  
Yet like the Papists, is the Poet's state,  
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate.

HERE a lean Bard whose wit could never give  
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live?

The

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,  
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,  
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,  
 (Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.  
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above.  
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.  
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms  
 Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:  
 Rams, and slings now are silly battery,  
 Pistolets are the best artillery,  
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,  
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?  
 And they who write, because all write, have still  
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.  
 But he is worst, who (beggarily) doth chaw  
 Other's wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw  
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,  
 At his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,  
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known,  
 The meat was mine, the excrements his own.  
 But these do me no harm, nor they which use,  
 To out-doe dildoes, and out-usure Jews,  
 T' out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Letanie  
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be  
 As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake  
 Schoolmen new Tenements in hell must make:  
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell  
 In which Commandments large recite they dwell.

But

The Thief condemn'd in law already dead, 15  
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.  
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,  
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above,  
 Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow :  
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair ; but songs no longer move,  
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :  
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,  
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25  
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.  
 Those write because all write, and so have still  
 Excuse for writing and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet  
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30  
 'Tis chang'd indeed from what it was before.  
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :  
 Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same,  
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35  
 Who live like S — — — n, or who die like *Charters*,  
 Out-cant old *Esdra*s, or out-drink his heir,  
 Out-usure *Jews*, or *Irishmen* out-swear ;  
 Wicked as pages, who in early years  
 Act sins which *Prisca's* Confessor scarce hears : 40  
 Ev'n those I Pardon, for whose sinful sake  
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;  
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell  
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One,

But these punish themselves. The insolence  
 Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,  
 Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches pox,  
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)  
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;  
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,  
 Then are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws,  
 Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoever he goes,  
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,  
 And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.  
 A motion, Lady: Speak Coscus. I have been  
 In love ever since tricesimo of the Queen:  
 Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got  
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not  
 Proceed; spare me: in Hillary term I went,  
 You said, if I return'd next size in Lent,  
 I should be in Remitter of your grace;  
 In the Interim my letter should take place  
 Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear  
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear;  
 More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more  
 Than when winas in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.  
 Then sick with Poetry, and possess'd with Muse  
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse  
 Law practise for meer gain; bold soul repute  
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.  
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk  
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk  
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,  
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,

And

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45  
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:  
 Time, that at last, matures a clap to pox,  
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,  
 And brings all natural events to pass,  
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50  
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be  
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.  
 What further could I wish the fop to do,  
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?  
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55  
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?  
 To court a wife, and spread his wily parts,  
 Like nets or lime-twigs for rich widows hearts?  
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,  
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?  
 Language, which *Boreas* might to *Auster* hold, 60  
 More rough than forty *Germans* when thy scold.  
 Curs'd be the wretch so venal and so vain;  
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in *Drury-lane*.  
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known,  
 If *Peter* deigns to help you to your own: 65  
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!  
 And what a solemn face if he denies!  
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear  
 'Twas only Suretyship that brought 'em there.  
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment-fates entire, 70  
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;  
 For you, he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,  
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;

For

*And to every suitor lye in every thing,  
 Like a King's Favorite — or like a King.  
 Like a wedge in a block, woring to the barre,  
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre  
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for  
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor  
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,  
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives,  
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,  
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand,  
 And spying heirs melting with luxury,  
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he.  
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,  
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe  
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year  
 (Reliquely kept) prechance buyes wedding chear)  
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time  
 Wringing each acre, as Maids pulling prime.  
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws  
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,  
 So huge that men (in our times forwardnes)  
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.  
 These he writes not; nor for these written pays,  
 Therefore spares no length, as in those first dayes  
 When Luther was profess, he did desire  
 Short Pater noster, saying as a Fryer  
 Each day his beads, but having left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.  
 But when he sells or changes land, he impaires  
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out ses heires,*

For you he sweats and labours at the laws,  
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,  
And lies to every Lord in every thing,  
Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.

75

These are the talents that adorn them all,  
From wicked *Waters* ev'n to godly —  
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, 80  
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.  
In shillings and in pence at first they deal ;  
And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;  
Till like the sea, they compass all the land,  
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand. 85  
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,  
Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at *White's*,  
Or city heir in mortgage melts away,  
*Satan* himself feels far less joy than they.  
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that, 90  
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.  
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,  
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,  
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far  
Than civil *Codes*, with all their glosses, are ; 95  
So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,  
Are fathers of the Church for writing less.  
But let them write for you each rogue, impairs  
The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* :  
No commentator can more sily pass 100  
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;  
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out  
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

*As sily as any Commenter goes by  
Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity  
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out  
Shrewd words; which might against him clear the doubt.*

*Where are those spread woods which cloth'd heretofore  
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within doore.  
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls  
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals  
Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes  
I bid kill some beasts, but no becatombs,  
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow  
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,  
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws  
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jawes.*

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So *Luther* thought the *Pater noster* long,  
 When doom'd to say his beads and Evenfong ; 105  
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,  
 Adds to Christ's prayer, *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought ; but where are to be found  
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground ?  
 We see no new-built palaces aspire, 110  
 No kitchens emulate the vastel fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore  
 The good old landlord's hospitable door ?  
 Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes  
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs ; 115  
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,  
*Carthusian* fasts, and fulsome *Bacchanals* ;

And all mankind might that just Mean observe,  
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve :  
 These are good works 'tis true we all allow ; 120  
 But, oh ! these works are not in fashion now ;  
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,  
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence ;  
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 125  
 Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw  
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

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THE  
FOURTH SATIRE  
OF  
Dr. JOHN DONNE.

*WELL; I may now receive, and die. My fin  
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in  
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is  
A recreation, and scant map of this.*

*My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been  
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,  
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,  
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go  
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse  
The hundred marks, which is the Statute's curse,*

*Before*

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T H E

FOURTH SATIRE

O F

Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

**W**ELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,  
Adieu to all the follies of the age !  
I die in charity with fool and knave,  
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.  
I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5  
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.  
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,  
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.  
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,  
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd ; 10  
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace ;  
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place ;  
Had no new verses, or new suit to show ;  
Yet went to Court !——the Dev'l would have it so,  
K 3 But,

(Before he scapt; So 't pleas'd my destiny  
 Guilty of my sin of going,) to think me  
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-  
 full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,  
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they  
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run  
 A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime, the Sun  
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:  
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:  
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,  
 Than Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities,  
 Stranger than strangers: One who, for a Dane,  
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,  
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,  
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise.  
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;  
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,  
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black though  
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been [bare,  
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)  
 Become Tufftaffaty, and our children shall  
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

But, as the the fool that in reforming days 15  
 Wou'd go to Mass in jest, (as story says)  
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,  
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God:  
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud  
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20  
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,  
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they  
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! }  
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came  
 A thing which *Adam* had been pos'd to name; 25  
*Noah* had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,  
 Where all the race of Reptiles might embark:  
 A verier monster than on *Africk's* shore,  
 The sun e'er got, or slimy *Nilus* bore,  
 Or *Sloane*, or *Woodward's* wondrous shelves contain; 30  
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.  
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon;  
 At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the moon:  
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make  
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take; 35  
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair  
 Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?  
 Such was the wight: 'Th' apparel on his back  
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:  
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40  
 Was velvet in the youth of good queen *Bess*,  
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;  
 So time that changes all things, had ordain'd!

*The thing bath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,  
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.  
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these.  
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,  
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;  
 But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,  
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,  
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw  
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content  
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement:  
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,  
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest Whores,  
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either  
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.*

*He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God  
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious red,  
 This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,  
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer  
 For the best Linguist? and I seelily  
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.  
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,  
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men  
 Of our two academies I named: here  
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were*

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,  
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,  
And knows what's fit for every state to do ;  
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,  
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.  
Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; *Motteux* I knew, 50  
*Henley* himself I've heard, and *Budgel* too :  
The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues  
A Pedant makes, the storm of *Gonson's* lungs,  
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,  
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar : 55  
These I cou'd bear : but not a rogue so civil,  
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.  
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,  
Make *Scots* speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,  
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60  
And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

He spies me out, I whisper, gracious God !  
What sin of mine cou'd merit such a rod ?  
That all the shot of dulness now must be  
From this thy blunderbus discharg'd on me ! 65  
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame  
To crave your sentiment, if——'s your name.  
What *Speech* esteem you most ?——“ The *King's*, said I.  
But the best words ?——“ O Sir, the *Dictionary*.  
You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70  
And perfect Speaker ?——“ *Onslow*, past dispute.  
But Sir, of writers ? “ *Swift*, for closer style,  
“ But *Ho\*\*y* for a period of a mile.

*Good pretty Linguists, so Panurgus was;  
Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass  
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold  
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such Wonders told,  
That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,  
Time enough to have been Interpreter  
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.*

*He adds, if of Court life you know the good,  
You would leave loneness. I said not alone  
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion  
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last  
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;  
No more can Princes Courts, though there be few  
Better Pictures of vice, teach me virtue.*

*He like to a high-stretcht Lute-String squeakt, O Sir,  
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,  
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,  
And for his price, doth with whoever comes  
Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,  
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:  
Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet  
Kings only: The Way to it is King's-street,  
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic, course,  
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.*

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;  
 Good common linguists, and so *Panurge* was; 75  
 Nay, troth, th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)  
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:  
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare  
 Affirm 'twas Travel made them what they were.

THUS others talents having nicely shown, 80  
 He came by sure transition to his own:  
 Till I cry'd out, you prove your self so able,  
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*,  
 For had they found a linguist half so good,  
 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

" OBLIGING Sir! for Courts you sure was made:  
 " Why then for ever buried in the shade?  
 " Spirits like you, should see and shou'd be seen,  
 " The King would smile on you--at least the Queen,  
 Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us— 90  
 But *Tully* has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:  
 And as for Courts, forgive me if I say  
 No lessons now are taught the *Spartan* way:  
 Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,  
 Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made; 95  
 And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,  
 None shou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

AT this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,  
 Squeaks like a high stretch'd lute string and replies:  
 " Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100  
 " To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!  
 Then happy Man who shows the Tombs! said I,  
 He dwells amidst the Royal Family.

He

*Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,  
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.  
Certes they are neatly cloath'd, I, of this mind am,  
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.*

*Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch  
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Iitch  
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grown'd  
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,  
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness.  
He to another key his style doth dress;  
And asks what news; tell him of new playes,  
He takes my hand, and as a Still which stayes  
A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,  
As loath to enrich me, so tells many a ly,  
More than ten Hollenheads, or Halls, or Stows,  
Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows  
When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what  
A subtle Statesmen may gather of that:  
He knows whom, loves whom; and who by poison  
Hasts to an Offices reversion;  
Who wasts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,  
Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.  
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg  
A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge.*

*Shells*

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,  
 Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk, 105  
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,  
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.  
 " Lord, Sir, a meer mechanick! strangely low,  
 " And coarſe of phraſe——your *Engliſh* all are ſo.  
 " How elegant the *Frenchman*?——Mine, d'ye mean?  
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111  
 " Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me die,  
 " Your only wearing is your *Padua-ſoy*.  
 Not Sir my only, I have better ſtill,  
 And this you ſee is but my diſhabill—— 115  
 Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,  
 Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.  
 But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,  
 And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a fore;  
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe, 120  
 You only make the matter worſe and worſe.

He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile  
 At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.  
 He aſks, " what News! I tell him of new Plays,  
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125  
 He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it,  
 Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute:  
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,  
 By little and by little, drops his lies.  
 Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,  
 More than ten *Hollingsheads*, or *Halls*, or *Stows*.  
 When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and  
 what  
 A ſubtile Miniſter may make of that?

Who

*Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play  
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay  
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,  
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus  
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, and spit,  
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet  
 He thrust on more, and as he had undertook,  
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,  
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since  
 The Spaniards came, to th' loss of Amyens.  
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,  
 Ready to travel: so I sigh and sweat  
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,  
 Either my humour, or his ozen to fit,  
 He like a privileg'd spie, whom nothing can  
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.  
 He names the price of every Office paid;  
 He saith, our wars thrive ill, because dela'd;  
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are  
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far  
 As the last day; and that great Officers  
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.*

*L. mora*

Who sins with whom? who got his Pension rug,  
 Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug? 135  
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,  
 And whether to a Bishop or a Whore?  
 Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,  
 Is therefore fit to have a Government?  
 Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140  
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor?  
 Who makes a Trust, or Charity a Job,  
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?  
 Why Turnpikes rose, and now no Cit nor clown  
 Can gratis see the country, or the town? 145  
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,  
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.  
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,  
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife?  
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150  
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall?  
 As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,  
 I puke, I nauseate, — yet he thrusts in more?  
 Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,  
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 155  
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathsome meat,  
 Ready to cast; I yawn, I sigh, I sweat.  
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can  
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;  
 Swears every place entail'd for years to come. 160  
 In sure succession to the day of doom:  
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,  
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;

Nay

*I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when  
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my self then.  
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw  
 To suck me in for hearing him : I found  
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound  
 By giving others their sores, I might grow  
 Guilty, and be free : Therefore I did show  
 All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,  
 I must pay mine, and my forefather's sin  
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power  
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but the power  
 Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring  
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,  
 And says, sir, can you spare me ? I said willingly ;  
 Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown ? thankfully I  
 Gave it, as ransom ; but as fiddlers, still,  
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will  
 Thrust one more jugg upon you : so did he  
 With his long complimental thanks vex me :  
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,  
 And the Prerogative of my Crown : scant  
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see  
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)  
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one  
 Who fears more actions, doth-hast from prison.*

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,  
 That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk's* still a Port. 165  
 Not more amazement seiz'd on *Circe's* guests,  
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,  
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise,  
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.  
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170  
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;  
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw  
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw

In that nice moment, as another lye  
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175  
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again —  
 Then close as *Umbra*, joins the dirty train.  
 Not *Fannius* self more impudently near,  
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.  
 I quak'd at heart; and still afraid to see 180  
 All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,  
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,  
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

BEAR me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence  
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense : 185  
 There contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,  
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings.  
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,  
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.  
 A Vision hermits can to hell transport, 190  
 And force ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.  
 Not *Dante* dreaming all th' infernal state,  
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.  
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free; 194  
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me : Shall

*At home in wholesome solitariness*  
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness  
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance  
 Like his, who dream't he saw hell, did advance  
 It self o'er me : such men as he saw there  
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear  
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser : Then,  
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men  
 Fear frowns ; and my mistress truth, betray thee  
 For th' buffing, braggart, puffed nobility ?  
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,  
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,  
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,  
 Such as swells the bladder of our court ? I  
 Think he which made your \* Waxen garden, and  
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand  
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers ; for  
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor  
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural  
 Some of the stocks are ; their fruits bastard all.  
 'Tis ten a clock and past ; all whom the mues,  
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews  
 Had all the morning beld, now the second  
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found  
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me)  
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be  
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king  
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers ; and bring  
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.  
 Wants reach all states : me seems they do as well

---

\* A show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First.

Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,  
 Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?  
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,  
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?  
 O my fair mistress, Truth! I shall quit thee, 200  
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?  
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all  
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,  
 Hast thou, oh sun! beheld an emptier sort,  
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205  
 Now pox on those who shew a \* *Court in wax!*  
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:  
 Such painted puppets, such a varnish'd race  
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face,  
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things — 210  
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

SEE! where the *British* Youth, engag'd no more  
 At *Fig's* † or *White's*, with Felons, or a Whore,  
 Pay their last duty to the court! and come  
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215  
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine  
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.  
 "That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears:  
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King *Lear's*.  
 Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220  
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.  
 And why not players strut in courtier's cloaths?  
 For these are actors too, as well those:

\* A famous show of the Court of *France* in Waxwork.

† *Fig's*, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days; *White's* was a noted gaming-house: it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemn'd Criminals in *Newgate*.  
 Wants

*At stage, as court; all are players. Who'er looks  
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,  
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now  
 The ladies come. As pirates, which do know  
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,  
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,  
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.  
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought  
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,  
 And women buy all reds which scarlets dye.  
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:  
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.  
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine  
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,  
 As if the Presence were a Mosch: and list  
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,  
 Making them confess not only mortal  
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial  
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:  
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state  
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries  
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.  
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry  
 Perfect as Circles, with such nicety  
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes  
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes  
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests  
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,  
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown  
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;  
 And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a  
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away*

Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,  
And all is splendid poverty at best.

225

PAINTED for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,  
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,  
Sail in the Ladies: How each pyrate eyes  
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!

Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,  
He boarding her, she striking sail to him.

230

“ Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!

And “ Sweet Sir *Fopling*! you have so much wit!

Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought;

For both the beauty and the wit are bought,

235

'Twould burst ev'n *Heraclitus* with the spleen,

To see those anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin*:

The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,

The mosque of *Mahound*, or some queer Pa-god.

See them survey their limbs by *Durer's* rules,

240

Of all beau-kind the best-proportion'd fools!

Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw

Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:

But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul

Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;

245

Or should one pound of powder less bespread

Those monkey tails that wag behind their head!

Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,

They march, to prate their hour before the fair.

So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,

250

With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Rose,

Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immac'late trim,

Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:

Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*.

Peace

For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit  
 That they each other plague, they merit it.  
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,  
 Who in the other extreme only doth  
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:  
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,  
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm  
 To him; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,  
 He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill  
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still  
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;  
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.  
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so  
 As men from goals to execution go,  
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung  
 With the seven deadly sins?\*) being among  
 Those Askaparts†, men big enough to throw  
 Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know  
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine  
 Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.  
 I shook like a spied Spie — Preachers which are  
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,  
 Drown the sins of this place, for as for me  
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be  
 To wash the stains away: Altho' I yet  
 (With Maccabees modesty) the known merit  
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,  
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

---

\* The Room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

† A Giant famous in Romances.

Peace fools, or *Gonson* will for *Papists* seize you,  
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,  
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both; 260

Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath:

The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,

Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.

He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before

Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265

And with a face as red, and as awry,

As *Herod's* hang-dogs in old Tapestry,

Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,

Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;

Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270

Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted I quit the room, but leave it so

As men from Jayls to execution go; 275

For hung with \* deadly sins I see the wall,

And lin'd with Giants deadlier than'emall: 275

Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss

For Quoits, both *Temple-bar* and *Charing-cross*.

Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,

And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are no match for wits so weak as mine: 280

Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry bold Divine!

From such alone the Great rebukes endure,

Whose satyr's sacred, and whose rage secure:

'Tis mine to wash a few slight stains, but theirs

To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285

Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,

In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

EPITAPHS.

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# EPITAPHS.

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*His Saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani  
Munere!*

VIRG.

---

## I.

*On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.*

*One of the Principal Secretaries of State to  
King William III. who having resign'd  
his place, dyed in his Retirement at East-  
hamstead in Berkshire, 1716.*

**A** Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind,  
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd:  
Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,  
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:  
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,  
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.  
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,  
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for truth,

Age.

A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free;  
 A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;  
 Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,  
 At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

---

## II.

On *CHARLES* Earl of *DORSET*,

*In the Church of WITHYAM in SUSSEX.*

**D**ORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride,  
 Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd!  
 The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,  
 Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:  
 Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,  
 His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.  
 Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the mean so true,  
 As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.  
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,  
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.  
 Blest Peer! his great Forefather's ev'ry grace  
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;  
 Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,  
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

## III.

On the Hon. *SIMON HARCOURT*,

*Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, at the  
Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.*

**T**O this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,  
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most  
dear :

Who ne'er knew Joy but Friendship might divide,  
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak !  
If POPE must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.  
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,  
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

## IV.

Intended for Mr. *ROWE*,

*In WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.*

**T**HY reliques, Rowe, to this fair tomb we trust,  
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust :

Beneath

Beneath a \* rude and nameless stone he lies,  
 To which thy urn shall guide inquiring eyes.  
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!  
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!  
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies  
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

\* The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

*This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred Dust below  
 Was Dryden once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since chang'd into the plain Inscription now upon it, being only the Name of that great Poet,

J. D R Y D E N.

*Natus Aug. 9. 1631.  
 Mortuus Maij 1. 1701.*

*Johannes Sheffield. Dux Buckinghamiensis, fecit.*

## V.

*On Mrs. CORBET,**Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breast.*

**H**ERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,  
 Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Senses;  
 No conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,  
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.  
 Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,  
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.  
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,  
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;  
 Heav'n as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;  
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

## VI.

*On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY,  
 and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the  
 Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dor-  
 setshire, 1727.*

**G**O! fair Example of untainted youth,  
 Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:  
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,  
 Good without noise, without pretension great.

Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,  
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :  
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :  
 Go live ! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,  
 Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.  
 And thou blest Maid ! attendant on his doom,  
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,  
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,  
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !  
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !  
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !  
 Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,  
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :  
 These little rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive,  
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give !

---

## VII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER;

In WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

**K**NELLER, by Heav'n, and not a Master taught,  
 Whose Art was Nature, and whose Picture  
 thought ;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate  
 Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,  
 Lies crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,  
 Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise.

\* Living;

\* Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie  
Her works ; and dying, fears herself may die.

---

## VIII.

On General *HENRY WITHERS*,

*In WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.*

**H**ERE WITHERS rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,  
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.  
Oh born to Arms ! O Worth in Youth approv'd !  
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd !  
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,  
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.  
WITHERS adieu ! yet not with thee remove  
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love !  
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,  
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age :  
Nor let us say, (those *English* glories gone)  
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

---

## IX.

On Mr. *ELIJA FENTON*.

*At EASTHAMSTEAD in BERKS, 1730.*

**T**HIS modest Stone, what few Marbles can  
May truly say, here lies an honest Man.

---

\* *Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.*

— Raphael, timuit quo sospite, vinci  
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

A Poet

A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,  
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great;  
 Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,  
 Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.  
 Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here  
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,  
 'Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

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## X.

On Mr. *GAY*.

*In WESTMINSTER-ABBAY, 1732.*

**O**F Manners gentle, of Affections mild;  
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:  
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,  
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age:  
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate,  
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great;  
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,  
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.  
 These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust  
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;  
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,  
 Striking their penfive bosoms — *Here lies GAY.*

## XI.

## XI.

*Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON*

*In WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.*

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:

QUEM IMMORTALEM

TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, COELUM,

MORTALEM

HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

*Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night,  
God said, Let NEWTON be! and all was Light,*

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.

